

The Aldine

VOL. VI.

NEW YORK, JUNE, 1873.

No. 6.



THE SIGNAL.—AFTER HELLWIG.

THE ALDINE.

JAMES SUTTON & CO., Publishers.

58 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK.

\$5.00 per Annum (with Chromos).

Single Copies, 50 Cents.

AT THE LAST.

THREE little words within my brain
Beat back and forth their one refrain,
Three little words, whose dull distress
Means everything and nothingness,
Unbidden move my lips instead
Of other utterance: She is dead.

Here, lingering, we talked of late
Beside the hedge-grown garden gate;
Till, smiling, ere the twilight fell
She bade me take a last farewell.
Those were the final words she said—
But yesterday—and she is dead!

I see the very gown she wore,
The color I had praised before;
The swaying length, where she would pass,
Made a light rustle on the grass:
There in the porch she turned her head
For one last smile—and she is dead!

Could I have known what was to come,
Those hours had not been blind and dumb!
I would have followed close with Death,
Have striven for every glance and breath!
But now—the final word is said,
The last look taken—she is dead.

We were not lovers—such as they
Who pledge a faith to last for aye;
Yet seems the Universe to me
A riddle now without a key:
What means the sunshine overhead,
The bloom below—now she is dead?

So new my grief, its sudden haze
Bewilders my accustomed ways;
And yet so old, it seems my heart
Was never from its pain apart:—
What was and is and shall be, wed
With that one sentence—She is dead.

—Kate Putnam Osgood.

TURNING THE WALE.

MRS. LANDIS'S tea-kettle was boiling, and Mrs. Landis's old rocking-chair was clacking back and forth. Her gray hair was scraped away from her face and gathered into a knobby little knoll behind, and her gray eyes gleamed under her shaggy eyebrows like burning furze bushes. The cat beside the stove purred an accompaniment to the tea-kettle, and a lame hen hobbled about the kitchen floor crooning away as though she was the proprietor. Suddenly a quick footfall sounded on the wooden doorstep; the door opened with a sharp click, and a little round woman slipped briskly in, looking like an overblown peony. She untied the strings of the green silk calash that surmounted her head like an old-fashioned chaise-top, and tied them again before she was fairly through the doorway.

"I mustn't stay a minute," she began, "not a minute. I left my bread a-rising; it is coming up like a puff; I don't know when I've had such luck with my em'tins"—Mrs. Venter always had extraordinary luck with whatever she undertook—"but I got my pot on—our men folks think there is nothing like boiled pot for dinner—and just run in to ask if you can tell how to turn that wale in the diamond diaper?"

Mrs. Landis looked pensively at the hen trying to flutter up upon the edge of a corn basket that stood by the stove filled with cobs, and pinched in her lips for a moment while the new-comer tied and untied her strings twice. She shook her head. "Strange how folks do forget! I did know once. But I can't bring it to my mind now no more than that hen."

"I expected likely," returned Mrs. Venter, in a tone of resigned melancholy. "The folks that know anything are all dead or moved away. I've laid awake nights, but I can't think how to turn that wale, and there's nobody alive that knows how. Nabby has forgotten. She can't remember so much about it as I can. I could cry well enough because Nabby let her loom be burnt for firewood in the Hampleton meeting-house: such an easy loom as that was!"

Mrs. Venter looked more like grasping the reins of the Universe than she did like crying, for all she sighed like a sea breeze.

"It is all one to me; for I calculate my weaving days are over. Shoo! shoo!" returned Mrs. Landis,

shaking her apron at the lame hen, who was attempting to flap her way upon the table, where a pan of gingerbread stood hot and fragrant from the oven.

Mrs. Venter drew up her bonnet ribbons with a jerk, as though they were tied to stay this time.

"I'd rather wear out than rust out," said she. "Timothy, he has e'en a'most persuaded me not to undertake another web of linen. 'Polly, my wife,' he says, 'it isn't necessary. We are forehanded enough, so you might take life easier.' But as I told him, it is a rest to me to step into the loom after a great day's work. And then Merchant's folks came over, and they wouldn't take no for an answer. The old lady Merchant left a mess of flax up in a big chest in the garret among her effects—beautiful flax, too, as ever I drew a hetchel through. So there it was, no good to nobody, just a-rotting. And they said they didn't know of another one anywhere but me that could do it. It seemed wicked to see the stuff wasted, and they offered me pretty good lay on it—to the halves. And so finally I had to consent."

Mrs. Venter did not seem a woman to consent against her will, as she stood there untying her strings once more, with the proud flush of a successful artist lighting up her face.

"It was only last week, a Friday, I took hold of it, and now I've got it all spun and warped, and it peters me that I can't go right on with that diamond pattern. But I'll have to give it up."

Mrs. Venter sighed again, and again it was as though a stiff southwester had just sprung up, as she started for home with the calash strings she had not stopped to tie at last streaming out behind her.

"It beats all, old hen, how worldly minded that woman is," said Mrs. Landis, taking a brown earthen teapot from the corner cupboard and filling it from the tea-kettle, that, after trying with many a sob to contain itself, had at last spurted over upon the cat. "Rest her!" she continued, with a contemptuous snuff. "I guess getting in the loom wouldn't rest her no great if it was a paying out business."

Meanwhile, Mrs. Venter went on her homeward way, musing over the inefficiency of Mrs. Landis.

"How she can content herself to sit down and fold her hands passes my understanding. Folks ought to work, whether anything comes in for it or not. But it wouldn't be her if she didn't do that way," said she, picking a stone out of the road and placing it on the roadside wall with such thrifty dexterity that she hardly broke her pace. "Mrs. Landis means well enough, and she is a good woman to neighbor with, but she never will set the river afire."

These meditations having brought her to her own gate, Mrs. Venter plucked off her calash, ready to be hung on its appointed nail behind the bedroom door without loss of time. Hardly was her foot across her own threshold, when such a slamming of doors, rattling of dishes, and brisk stepping began, that it seemed a platoon instead of one woman had come in. The awakening of the Princess's enchanted palace was nothing to it. The pot boiled energetically over; the clock struck; a pile of tin pans, sunning themselves under the window, rattled down; the rooster crowed on the door-stone; and every chair in the room looked as though just ready to walk off on its own account. One, indeed, caught by Mrs. Venter's flying skirts as she passed by, toppled over; but she seized it on its way to the floor, put it upon its legs again, and swept by without an instant's pause.

The clock was on the stroke of twelve when she took from a high shelf in the woodshed a gayly colored conch shell and blew a blast that waked all the echoes and all the roosters in the neighborhood. That was to call Mr. Venter from the hay-field to dinner, and before the clock finished its twelve vehement strokes, Mrs. Venter had drawn out the table, whisked a cloth and some plates and knives and forks upon it, and was taking up the steaming dinner all on one huge blue-edged platter. By the time the load of hay had rumbled into the barn, everything was upon the table, excepting the pitcher that Mrs. Venter was filling at the well under the window. Then she heard her husband's voice, and Captain Cooley's dog heard it a quarter of a mile away, and pretending he thought it was the cat, waked her out of a sound sleep barking at her.

"Most o-be-di-ent! I AM GLAD TO SEE YOU!" said Mr. Venter, with the energy of a trumpet.

Mrs. Venter turned her head—anybody would—and saw a spare man with a self-deprecating face sitting in a shining Brewster wagon, drawn by a heavy black horse that seemed to be filled with untiring curiosity as to how he looked from behind.

"It isn't brother Weeden! We were not looking for you in hay-time, any more than the dead!" exclaimed Mrs. Venter, coming hospitably forward with her huge pitcher in both hands.

"Yes, well, I believe it is me. You see my hay come on early and the weather was favorable, and I got through with no hindrance. And my oats won't be ready before the last of next week."

"Yes! Timothy makes a point of laying out his work so there is always something ready to take hold of," returned Mrs. Venter, with the air of considering it doubtful whether anybody could go to heaven who rode for pleasure in haying time. "But come right in. Victuals is all ready."

"I am almost always drove, too," said Mr. Weeden, clambering out of his high wagon. "But I got along with my work strangely. No catching weather and no kind of a put back."

"Sure!" returned Mr. Venter, in a tone of good-natured admiration. "But go right in with Polly and I'll put out your horse. How many oats shall I give him? Four quarts or five? Just as you say."

In eight minutes more Mr. Venter was at the head of his table, piling up the plate of his guest in open-handed generosity with thick slabs of boiled pork and beef, turnips and carrots, beets and cabbage. Then came a huge boiled Indian pudding, with the sweetest of West India molasses, and doughnuts like the ambitious frog; besides pie, and bread and butter and cheese, all dropped about upon the table as though by a heavy rain.

"No more for me. I've had an elegant sufficiency," said Mr. Weeden, at last, after eating enough to carry a man across the great American desert.

"No more! I am afraid you don't like my victuals. You are like the little bossies that turn up their noses at their fodder," said Mrs. Venter.

"Your dinner is fus'rate, and I have eat stoutly. Is this cheese your own make, sister?" asked Mr. Weeden.

"Certain!" returned Mrs. Venter, reproachfully. "I've nobody to take a step for me, and I don't want to have. I've enough to do without waiting on a hired maid. Work was never no hardship to me, and it is a wonder where sister Nabby's girls get their slack twisted ways. There is Sarah, I am most ashamed to tell of it, but I will. She don't so much as make her own bed! I wouldn't have believed there could be such laziness untied if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes. The last time I was to Hampleton I went to pay her a visit. There wasn't anybody around to tell me the way to her room, so I pushed along into the back part of the house."

"Polly, my wife, you ought to have rung the setting-room bell, and waited for the help to come," interposed Mr. Venter, in an aside loud enough for the tall black horse in the barn to hear, if he had been listening.

But Mrs. Venter tossed her head in disdain. She never admitted any way to be better than her own, though she secretly laid away the hint for future use.

"Oh, I thought I wouldn't wait for ceremony. I'm right to home to a tavern; and I made my way out to where the folks were, and they directed me to Sarah's room. So I came upon her just as she was. And, if you can believe me, there she sat reading a novel, with the hired girl making her bed and brushing out for her. She seemed considerable flustered to have me see her being waited upon by inches. And I didn't wonder!" concluded Mrs. Venter, with emphasis, looking as though suddenly converted to a belief in total depravity.

While she had talked, she had been busy scraping and piling up the plates so that the table was nearly cleared when she rose from it.

"Now you sit down and visit with me, brother Weeden, while Timothy draws in his other load of hay. I've only a handful of dishes to get out of the way," she said, shaking the tablecloth to a brood of chickens and the mother hen, who had a shingle tied on her back to keep her from going through the picket fence into the garden.

Before the chickens had done their clamorous search among the houseleeks by the door-stone, the "handful" of dishes was done, and Mrs. Venter had seated herself with her work of putting what she called a "window-pane patch" on a pair of butternut colored pantaloons, while Mr. Weeden sat in a feather-bed rocking-chair trying to look at home in his best clothes.

"I suppose you miss sister a good deal?" began Mrs. Venter, in a funereal tone, with her mouth full of pins.

"Nobody can tell how lonely I am," returned Mr. Weeden. "I've got the best of children—good girls to me—all of them; but since Mary was married she clings to Willard, and I miss her more and more. Sometimes I think whether or no it isn't best to settle again. What should you advise, sister Polly?"

"My advice would depend on your selection," said Mrs. Venter, stooping to bite off a thread. "If you get the right one, it may be full better for you to change your situation. Anybody in your mind?"

Mr. Weeden looked like a book sealed with seventeen seals.

"What would you think of the widow Hill?"

"She used to be a master hand to work. I wonder if she wouldn't remember how to turn the wale in that diamond diaper," mused Mrs. Venter.

"She is a very likely woman," pursued Mr. Weeden. "But it seems Hill left her a home and life lease in the old place only on condition she never married again. And it stands to reason she will cling to the old homestead, seeing it fell to her from her father."

"I want to know if that is the case? Mr. Hill had a hard shell, but there was some lobster inside, and I wasn't looking for him to show such a carnal mind when he was near eternity," returned Mrs. Venter, throwing up her eyes and hands. She made the movement a useful one by bringing a linen thread from the hank about her neck as her hand came down again. Then, after pausing to pare the corners of the "window-pane patch," she resumed:

"I'll tell you who is the very one. Amy Peet, over on the Hambleton road. She is as smart as a steel trap, though you would not think anybody could be likely and lie abed till six o'clock. But when she does get up she goes like an arrow shot out of a gun. In half an hour she has got her breakfast eat, and her cow milked and out to pasture, and there she is ready for her day's work with anybody. Yes, Amy is the one," she repeated, with an air of final decision. Mr. Weeden seemed hardly persuaded. He looked thoughtfully at a fly crawling along his sleeve.

"I expect she is a driver to work, and is come of a good family," said he, making ready to swoop down upon the fly. "But perhaps she wouldn't wish to change her life. Most likely she has had chances."

"She has had seekers, but no suitors," returned Mrs. Venter from the pantry, where she had just run to rest her arms by turning half a dozen cheeses. "If you say so, I'll speak a good word for you, and I can tell you in half a jiffy how the land lies."

Mr. Weeden leaned back in the feather-bed chair and rocked. Evidently Amy Peet was not "the one."

"Of course I don't want to bias your choice," pursued Mrs. Venter, aggrieved by her brother-in-law's indifference, "but, I take it, a good, capable girl like Amy, that'll use you well, is worth trying for."

Mr. Weeden gazed uneasily out of the window, and his eyes fell on Mrs. Landis, creeping up the path with the lazy slowness of a fresh water fog.

"I've been thinking about that diamond diaper," said she, coming in, and settling down in the coolest corner, "and it strikes me there's a woman at the Forks that'll be likely to know how to turn the wale."

"You don't say so! Who is she?" cried Mrs. Venter, dexterously driving a span of flies out of the pantry preparatory to closing the door.

"I couldn't tell you her name, not if I was to suffer, but she lives the third house from the ferry, right-hand side as you go up. John's wife hired her to weave her last web of blankets, and I remember she called her a dabster at the loom."

"Then there's just a chance that she may know about the wale," exclaimed Mrs. Venter, with excitement—"Make you acquainted with brother Weeden, Mrs. Landis. But why haven't I come across this woman before? It pesters me to see!"

"She hasn't been in the way to go much, so I was given to understand," returned Mrs. Landis, idly petting her gingham pocket-handkerchief, "for she's been tied, hand and foot, for years, with the care of her sister's child. He's been dying by inches with the spine in his back, and them that's knowing to it say that the patience she's had in waiting upon him is beyond everything. But the Lord has taken the poor boy out of his misery at last," concluded she, with a sigh of relief, evidently persuaded that Providence had been rather dilatory in the matter.

"Single?" asked Mrs. Venter, with such abruptness that Mr. Weeden nearly rocked himself over in his spasmodic effort at appearing unconcerned.

"Well, yes, she is," admitted Mrs. Landis, in a deprecatory tone, "though they say she's as smart and as good-lookin' as half the married women; and if

this boy's folks hadn't died and left her saddled with him, she might have done well for herself."

"What if you and I take the colt and ride up to the Forks before supper, brother Weeden?" said Mrs. Venter, briskly, the minute Mrs. Landis was gone. "I'm proper anxious to learn how to turn that wale, and it's a doubt if you see much of Timothy before sundown anyway."

"I'm agreeable," responded Mr. Weeden, rising obediently but cautiously, because of his new boots, which pinched.

"And then we can kill two birds with one stone, if you say so," pursued Mrs. Venter, "for on the way home I can make an errand at Amy Peet's, about borrowing her reed and harnesses."

Before the bit was in the colt's mouth Mrs. Venter appeared in the stable with her shawl and calash on, and to save time climbed into the wagon ready to start the instant the colt should be attached to it.

"I've clapped some kindlin' under the tea-kettle; ready to light the minute we get back," said she, drawing on her cotton gloves, "and I can set the table in two minutes; so if you should take a notion to call at Amy's, we shan't be necessitated to hurry."

Mr. Weeden hitched on the traces in nervous silence. To his shrinking nature there was something appalling in this unflinching energy, giving him a sudden panic lest his zealous sister-in-law should dispose of him matrimonially before he had an opportunity to protest.

"I don't want to commit myself just yet, sister Polly; that is, I should rather not," said he, mounting to a seat beside her, and appropriating the atom of cushion remaining for him. "The fact is, I have—in one sense—as you might say—I have got somebody in my mind."

He had something in his throat as well, clearly, for his words flowed intermittently, like water from a jug when the stopple has dropped inside.

"Any one I know?" asked Mrs. Venter, glibly; not the least obstruction in her speech.

"I think it's a doubt if you ever heard of her, though I guess you remember her father, Elder McIntire, who used to be such a powerful hand at protracted meetings."

"To be sure!" replied Mrs. Venter, dovetailing together her fingers, that missed their knitting work.

"Well; I took quite a shine to Huldah when I was a youngster, for all I was considerable older than she was then—"

Mr. Weeden was plainly of the opinion that time had since rectified this discrepancy of age.

"We went together for a spell, but that same winter I kept the school in your *deestrick*, and saw Betsy, you know." Here the widower blew his nose with a plaintive blast that terrified the colt, and nearly caused the overturn of the wagon. A breathless pause ensued, during which the animal assumed the position of a biped, and Mrs. Venter sat with her skirts gathered up, ready to jump.

"Seems a little frisky," remarked Mr. Weeden, coolly, as the colt came down on all fours again.

"But, as I was saying about Huldah. The Elder got the Ohio fever a year or two after I married with Betsy, and moved his family out there. Since that he's died, and the children are scattered, and what's become of Huldah is more'n I can find out. You see, as I'm situated, I feel delicate about asking."

"Sure she hasn't settled down?" asked Mrs. Venter, with a sharp eye to the colt's ears.

"She hadn't the last I heard, and sometimes I'm almost tempted to take a trip to the west'ard and look her up."

"That's just as you feel to, of course, brother Weeden," rejoined Mrs. Venter, disapprovingly; "but if you went on a wild-goose chase, and didn't get her after all, you'd *begretch* your outlay, wouldn't you? when here's Amy Peet right at hand and—"

"I suppose I'm foolish," interrupted Mr. Weeden, apologetically, "but I really am quite *set* on wanting to see Huldah before trying anybody else. Still, as my luck is so uncertain in that quarter, I wouldn't mind calling on Miss Peet meanwhile, if you could manage it so that she wouldn't suspect I meant anything by it." Which shrewd remark brought them to the third house from the ferry, right-hand side as you go up.

"You just hang hold of the colt's head, brother, and I'll take care of myself," cried Mrs. Venter, displaying a blue glimmer of cotton hose as she slipped nimbly down between the wagon wheels. "I guess I'd better go right in, and you can follow on as soon as you've hitched."

A second later, the lady of the house, sorting thrums at her loom, was startled by a brisk rapping, and hurried to the door, rag-bag in hand, never doubting that she should meet the tin peddler.

"I came to inquire whether or no you could tell me anything about turning this wale," began Mrs. Venter, pulling a huge towel from her pocket before she had fairly crossed the threshold.

The lady scrutinized it closely, holding it close to her near-sighted eyes, while Mrs. Venter, too anxious to speak another word, or even to sit, breathlessly watched her. If anybody in these degenerate days could read the meaning of that diamond pattern, it did seem as if it might be this woman, who looked like the very spirit of divination, as she stood there tracing her finger along the mysterious lines with the air of a professional palmist.

"It'll come to me in a minute," said she, thoughtfully smoothing her side curls, "for I've woven yards and yards of it,—yes, I've got it now! Of course you know how to throw up a herring-bone? Well, it's just about as easy throwing up a diamond. You draw in your warp—"

Mrs. Venter "hung upon the lips of her narrating, regardless of a subdued squeaking of sole leather in the doorway, and thus her brother-in-law paused unnoticed behind her, listening to a confused conglomerate of words, largely composed of shuttles, treadles, and wales. Certainly there was nothing of an affecting nature in them, and yet as Mr. Weeden lingered he appeared strangely excited, working his eyebrows mechanically up and down like the bellows of an accordion—a habit of his when deeply moved.

"Why, Huldah McIntire, you don't say it's you!" cried he, rushing forward at the first period; "I thought you were t'other side of the Alleghanies!"

"Yes, my name is McIntire," responded she, rather stiffly, "but I declare you have the advantage of me."

"Think a minute, Huldah," implored Mr. Weeden, milking his whiskers nervously, "I used to be a particular friend of yours!"

Miss McIntire peered at him intently through her glasses, very much as if he had been a fly's eye under a microscope—then blushed precipitately.

"Bless me if it isn't Ephraim Weeden. This is a surprise!" cried she, hospitably extending him the towel to shake. "Now I get a good sight at you, I should know you in Boston."

"I'll be looking at your loom a spell, if you've no objections, Miss McIntire," put in Mrs. Venter with prodigious shrewdness, giving an explanatory "Ahem!" as she passed her brother-in-law in entering the adjoining room. Before closing the door, she was enabled, by Miss McIntire's short-sightedness, to express her approval of that lady in vigorous pantomime, that Mr. Weeden might not fail to propose through fear of displeasing his deceased wife's relative. Indeed, had Mrs. Venter suddenly discovered a new planet she could hardly have felt more exultant than she did in bringing to light this talented woman who could turn the wale, and she was highly desirous of securing to her family such a celebrity.

It may be that Huldah's weaving accomplishments did not weigh with Mr. Weeden as much as some other merits of hers which he remembered in the past, for it is certain that their conversation never once reverted to looms, though they had ample time to discuss former huskings, paring-bees, and like trivial matters in the two hours which followed. For Mrs. Venter benevolently consented to stay to tea, spite of the secret misgivings as to the effect of the twilight upon the colt's nerves.

"I wonder what Timothy'll say," said she, when at length the wagon was rolling jerkily homeward. "He'll be at a stand to know what's got us."

"One thing's sure, we shan't be long on the road," responded Mr. Weeden, sheepishly. "Tisn't as if I had a call to stop at Amy Peet's, you know!"

"Amy Peet would make a master good wife," returned Mrs. Venter, rather regretfully. "But take it by and large, I don't know but I'd full sooner it would be old Elder McIntire's daughter. She is a beater at the loom, sure enough," she added, in a tone of brisk resignation. "Well, it has all happened real providential, as you may say," she went on, as they drove forward under the light of the planet Venus hanging low before them like a guiding star. "It looks as if it was all planned out for a lure to get you and Huldah together. And I feel as though it'd ought to be a lesson when I think how there I was only this morning regretting and rebelling because my neighbors had forgotten, as well as myself, how to turn that wale."

—Frances Lee.



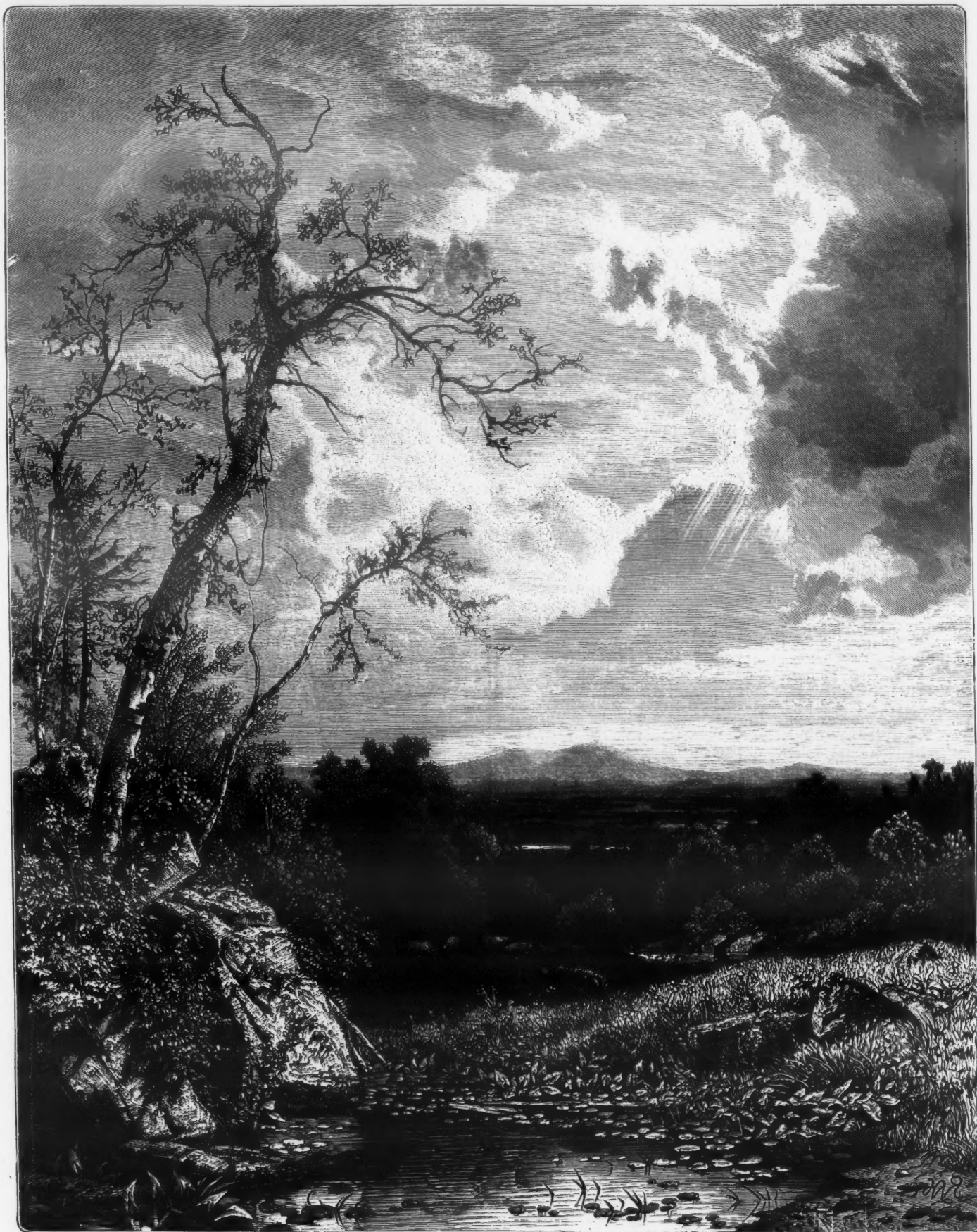
THE SISTERS.—AFTER COOMANS.

THE SISTERS.

THERE is a curious element of Classicism in the French mind which does not at first sight appear to harmonize with other elements equally powerful. It manifested itself in the Greek and Roman tragedies of Corneille and Racine, which are still the masterpieces of the French Theatre; it ran riot in the days of the Revolution, when it changed the names of the months and seasons, and turned Monsieur and Madame into Citizen and Citizeness, finally stranding both under the iron rule of the First Consul; and it struggled into the severe domain of Art, in the pictures of David and his followers, which are as barren of human feeling as the most rigid Classicist could desire. It had its day,—but it cannot be said to have died, for though it has certainly slept, it lives still in the pictures of Gérôme and Coomans. The genius of both has been shaped by it, that of the

former to the re-vivification of the public and political life of the Rome of the Cæsars, of which his "Death of Cæsar" is, perhaps, the most striking example, and that of the latter to a warmer re-awakening of the domestic life of the Roman people. We turn from the work of Gérôme with a sense of pain; we return to the work of Coomans with pleasure. Enough, we say, of these Roman men, who were masters of the world, and whose delight was in the arena where gladiators butchered each other, and Christian captives were thrown to the wild beasts; more than enough of these cultured savages without hearts, who darkened the earth so long. We feel differently toward the wives who loved them and bore them children,—and toward their children,—the fair daughters and the stately sons who called them father. Their Home Life is human to us, and is, therefore, beautiful and touching. It is this which Coomans loves to depict.

We have a taste of his quality in "The Sisters," whom we see in one of their apartments. It probably opens somewhere into the *atrium*, or main hall, the pillars of which are seen above the low wall or screen behind which they are, though it may be only a part of the *atrium* separated from the rest by hangings. They are in *negligée*, though not as much as we might think, judging by the modern standard of female dress. It is summer, as we can see by the flowers upon the table, and the marble pavement is no doubt grateful to their sandaled feet. The one who is sitting (let us call her Virginia) has been fanning herself, and is floating away on a sea of reverie. What is she musing about? Sister Volumnia (let us call the other one Volumnia) evidently knows. Perhaps Virginia has confessed to her that it is for young Antonius that she brightens her hair. Happy Antonius! Happy Virginia! Dream on, sweet Roman girl! There is nothing in the world like love!



DISTANT VIEW OF MOUNT MANSFIELD, VT.—R. W. HUBBARD, N. A.

NEW ENGLAND SCENERY.

No country in the world is richer in mountain and pastoral scenery than the United States, and for the happiest combination of both we must go to New England. We shall find it among the Green Mountains, which have no especial claim to consideration on account of their height, but which contain nearly every feature that perfection of landscape demands. An unbroken watershed between the affluents of the Connecticut on the east, and the Hudson and Lake Champlain on the west, they present a comparatively smooth outline of surface; and in spring, when the snows have disappeared, their slopes are covered with pastures of rich green grass, the outlook from which is delightful. We look over miles and miles of pastoral landscape. It is wooded, but not too thickly. We can look between and over the woods

into the pastures below us, and watch the rivers as they creep lazily onward, shadowed a little here by a passing cloud, and there fairly ablaze with sunshine. Farm-houses nestle among the trees, dwarfed to the size of dove-cotes, and cattle may be seen feeding, and lying down in the fields.

What we have indicated in the way of general description, is what can be seen in the distance from Mount Mansfield; what Mount Mansfield itself looks like in the distance, Mr. Hubbard indicates in the illustration above, which is characterized by all his best qualities as an artist,—his grace, his sweetness, his serenity, and his loving familiarity with the forms of nature with which his genius is most in sympathy. It is as good as a burst of real sunshine,—the soft, happy light that so envelops and pervades his sky and his clouds, and hovers so like morning mist on the undulating line of his mountains. And how

bright and beautiful his foreground—what wild woodland life in his old tree, what lightness in his airy foliage, and what buoyancy in his lily-pads! It is a charming picture, worthy of Mr. Hubbard's pencil.

We turn our backs upon the mountains, and a short ride by rail brings us to another region of pastoral scenery. We have a good example of it in Mr. Van Elten's illustration, the scene of which is happily chosen. It is in the northern part of Connecticut, near Granby,—a neighborhood which he knows by heart, and in which he is most at home as an artist. The spirit of the scene seems to hover about and to guide his hand. Now he sketches the likeness of a tree, for every tree has its likeness, and now the river imparts to him the secret of its placid motion. He takes in the glint of the sunshine on its surface, and the weeds and flowers along its margin. It is a pastoral poem—"a song without words."

THE FIRST AND FAIREST.

THE little Dandelion
No longer is asleep,
For all the birds are singing,
And toads begin to "peep."
The tassels of the alder
Are swinging in the breeze,
And downy pussies climbing
The twigs of willow trees.

The little Dandelion,
In cloth of gold arrayed,
Of chilly April showers
No longer is afraid:
She smiles upon me archly,
With merry laughing eye,
And shames the twinkling pleiads
That look from out the sky.

No flower of the summer,
However fair to view,
Is held within my memory
One half as dear as you:
And when, on silken pinions,
By summer breezes blown,
My little Dandelion,
What shall I do alone?

O little Dandelion!
You surely will return,
And for your native meadow
With eager longing yearn:
And I will wait to welcome
My blossom on the way—
And wear her in my bosom
Forever and a day!

—W. W. Bailey

YOUNG MARTIN AND OLD MARTIN.

YOUNG Martin was the son of old Martin. Both were blacksmiths, and plied their trade in Tacktown, when there was any demand; when there was none, they sat among the iron bars in the shop, or on the timber threshold, "enjoyin' themselves"—as they informed the passers-by—"most to death doin' nothin'."

Old Martin lived in his flannel shirt-sleeves, and wore rusty spectacles; young Martin and a big jack-knife were inseparables. He picked his teeth with it in his reflective moments, and whittled with it when lively. Old Martin was an everlasting talker, and drew the long bow with extreme good nature. With him, a lie was a benefit—to please, amaze, or instruct. At middle age he was seized with a mission, though he did not call it so—packed his goods, and with his family moved to New London, distant fifty miles. In five years he returned as unexpectedly as he went, unlocked his front door, made a fire of chips, hung over the tea-kettle, and sat down before it a happy man; and his soul hugged the forsaken Lares and Penates. Anny, his wife, sat dumb in a corner, taking a vigorous pinch of snuff.

"Anny," said old Martin, "declare for't; if you can tell me whatever we went away for, I, for one, shall be obliged to you."

"Needn't be under any obligation to me. I ain't the one to kalkilate the ways of Providence."

Those five years of absence, so to speak, were the battle-ground of old Martin's tremendous hair-breadth stories—concerning the Injuns, the English men-of-war, the troubles in the Revolution, and the rise and progress, sir, of the first families in New London. Young Martin at this time was twenty-two—slight, pale, with thin fair hair and a beardless chin; but he had kind, honest eyes, and a strong manly voice. Somehow, no one doubted his good sense and good feeling. Those who laughed at him, remembering his old whittling tricks, and his lolling against door-posts, or the fence, began to hear, and believe, that he was something more than a lazy mechanic. Tacktown had advanced; there was more work to do, and it was soon comprehended that young Martin "bossed" old Martin. About this time he added to his vocabulary of wonderful tales—"What his son could do"—"What they had thought on him when they were obliged to leave New London at dead o' night. Martin was in such demand—plague on them New Londoners." Anny also doled her praise day and night. She flitted from neighbor to neighbor after dark, like a fat, gray owl, or stood at her porch door of mornings clacking like a motherly hen. "As good a cretur as ever trod in shoe leather" was Martin! She told the man that came along with quinces and fall turnips that she knew he wasn't as pretty as a picter, but the marrer on him was good. When he had the scarlet fever, she thought the Lord had called for him; but she believed the warm baths had saved him, though he was a runt of a boy.

People were attracted by old Martin's manner. He was strangely silent, yet he appeared on the point of bursting; he winked and nodded, went from store to store, moving his head from side to side, and making mysterious grimaces, as if some moment was at hand when everybody would be astonished. His secret was revealed the day the frame of a new shop was raised below the ship-yard on the shore. How he trotted up and down the one main street of Tacktown, where all the stores were, and all the horses tied, and the oxen swinging through with their various loads!

"My son did that," he made everybody hear, pointing to the frame. "How New London has missed it! But, Lord, they couldn't keep him! And Tacktown is going to be a big place." Old Martin's spectacles were dim with pride and joy.

"Pooh, sir," he cried into anybody's face that was nearest, "I ain't going to give up yet. Martin, says he to me, says he, 'Father, 'tain't necessary for you to give another blow to the anvil. Cut up your leather apron to mend the jints in the hen-house door, or the pig-sty.' But I'm as capable as ever; I won't eat my son's earnings yet."

To describe Anny's satisfaction over the new shop would be impossible—that new shop, with stone walls and a belfry on top! She perspired with acute joy, and wiped her face till she believed she had the "chaps." No matter who went by, she was ready; with the air of an orator who fixes his eyes on a distant audience, she began and continued, the motto in her mind, or rather its spirit, being that Martin must be a living remembrance to everybody.

"Never did I consider Martin a forrad child; but I ain't surprised that he should come out at the big end of the horn at last. He ain't a bright and shining light anywhere, as I knows on; but ha' massy, do you think that there Edgar Willis can hold a candle to him, for vertu and goodness to his parents?"

The shop was finished. Old Martin tied on his apron daily, and hectorated the two apprentices with great comfort to himself. He knew in his heart of hearts that young Martin was the king pin; but it solaced him to play at authority with the boys, and the country folks who came to the shop to have a tire mended, or a horse shod. What discourses on New London horse-shoes he gave, hammer in hand, and the hind leg of a horse! Young Martin busied himself with greater things. He was fortunate enough to please the first merchant in Tacktown, who had had his ship-work done elsewhere till now. Chains, bolts, and all a ship's iron gear, he engaged of young Martin, considering old Martin a doosed fool, and quite in the young man's way. But he was compelled, in spite of himself, to compare young Martin's filial obedience with that of his own son—the gay Edgar Willis, the beau *par excellence* of Tacktown. Young Martin was not particularly respectful to his father in words, but perfectly so in feeling and manner.

"There, old man," he often said, "dry up your sass; you make me sick"—accompanying these words with a pleasant smile, and a tap on old Martin's back, which, if the old man had been a Frenchman, would have made him bestow a kiss on young Martin's face. Sometimes, when he thought the old man tired, he said, "Go home, dad, and tell mother I want a short-cake for supper; you've been in the shop long enough. Wash up, you are as black as the ace of spades; and if you ain't white we can't go to Mrs. Willis's party to-night." Which was a great joke, as they were not invited.

Old Martin's "Ho, ho," and "Ha, ha," would last him the way home. Philosophers might take a lesson from the conduct of this foolish old pair, so devoutly believing in young Martin's hope of the short-cake supper.

"Father, I've a mind to cut into a ham. It is sharp to-day; he may have an edge to his appetite."

"Well, Anny, if you'll brile it; otherwise 'tain't worth while to cut into a whole ham."

"See here, now. My quince jelly—I do believe you have most forgot the taste of that. Besides, they tell me it is sovereign good to clear the throat. Singing-school to-night, you know."

"Talking about a Tacktown band, they be. Where's my old fiddle?"

"Sho, old man."

"I was going on to say," added old Martin, testily, "when you must needs put your oar in—that Martin might like it."

"No, indeed; he is going to blow on something—an offslide, I think he said."

"Why, they had 'em in New London as thick as

blackberries, a blowing away at one time, man and boy, like—like anything."

"Now, father," said the cunning Anny, "Martin might not like to hear of their being so plenty; for, says he to me, 'Mother, I don't know what folks will say when my instrument comes from Boston!'"

"You don't say," answered old Martin, delighted, "Of course it won't do to say a word; and mind your eye, old woman—clack is clack."

But the next day old Martin was afflicted with another mystery, which broke like a boil when the stage-driver handed from his box a huge bundle in green flannel to young Martin, who was in waiting. It contained an ophicleide—a dreadful instrument—but it filled old Martin's soul with awe and delight.

"What ails you, father?" asked young Martin. "You look as if you had caught something."

"Do let it out, Martin."

And Martin did, as full of secret delight as his father was of noisy rejoicing.

The band was formed, and after a summer's practice it played one quickstep, a march, and a Fisher's hornpipe; it then went into severe winter quarters, to learn cotillion music. It was a sight to behold young Martin with his ophicleide; as he was a slight, pale creature, the effect reminded one of a little girl toting a big doll. He was very industrious with his practice, playing off-nights at home, in his little room up-stairs. The groans of the instrument were fearful. Its boom was so dreadful to Anny that she tied a thick handkerchief over her ears, pretending she had the earache; but old Martin was game to the backbone; he kept time with a triumphant mien, although he could not tell one tune from another. Anny noticed that he was apt to go to bed in a hurried way on the nights young Martin played at home, and, contrary to his wont, buried his head beneath the bed-clothes, which proceeding made him snore so, that one night, Anny, driven wild, exclaimed, "Why, father, you beller like the off—pigs, and I wish you wouldn't."

It seemed to her then as if the bed-clothes shook—or was it the vibration of the walls? for that night it was a dreadful "storm and stress" period with young Martin. He was overcoming "Hull's Victory!" From the window outside he was watched by a pair of irreverent young persons, who gave him up for lost, declaring him to be floored, after some involuntary escape of sound. Little did he know who was outside. The girl he adored, but of whom he had no hope,—Matilda Northwood, the tallest girl in Tacktown, with a brilliant complexion, an aquiline nose, bright, dark eyes, a clear voice, and a gay laugh; a violent contrast to him every way. She was the daughter of a rich farmer, who lived on Tacktown Neck, three miles from the village, so secluded a place that when Matilda came up to the Shore, as the village was called, she felt a metropolitan excitement; there was zest in church-going and singing-school; and a stray lecture, or a dance, was just absolute satisfaction. Young Martin had always known her, or thought so, till she burst in upon all his awakened senses one night at the singing-school; but he had never addressed a word to her. She knew him quite as well, and had never bestowed a thought upon him,—but many a laugh, and alas! did he but know, she was now laughing at him. Edgar Willis was with her, and he was making himself witty at young Martin's expense. The house stood in the angle of two streets; there was a yard in front, with a picket fence round it. The side street was a dark, crooked road, with houses scattered along it, and ending in a broad field which had that very afternoon been the scene of the performance of a traveling circus, attended by Matilda. The wagons were now loading, and from time to time one of them thundered by, and turning the sharp corner by old Martin's house, passed through the main street fronting the harbor, and so out of the village. There had been some fighting among the men, and much savage swearing over the heavy loading of the wagons, till the proprietor, who happened to be partially intoxicated, lost patience. He struck with his whip at one of the drivers, who instantly jumped into his seat, and, swearing he would take no more on, lashed his horses into a gallop along the road. The proprietor sprang into his buggy, and dashed after him, with the intention of stopping his wagon. Martin heard the noise, opened his window, and ran down stairs. As short as the distance was between the door and the gate of the little yard, he never forgot the scene. The harbor below the street lay white in moonlight, its silver sheet unruffled by a single breeze. A wagon lurched round the corner, and rolled by. He heard a scream, and saw a figure

flying over the fence, — safe inside, — Edgar Willis, — then he saw a buggy swaying toward him, and toward Matilda; he cried out in terror, seized her in his arms and almost threw her over the fence toward Edgar. Then he picked up the proprietor, who was thrown out, but not nearly so much injured as his carriage and horse were. Anny came to the door in perturbation, and begged everybody to come right in, while old Martin, hardly awake to the state of things, murmured that he guessed New London would have something to answer for arter this. Edgar Willis declined, muttered something about attending to the proprietor, and, glad to be intimate with a celebrated man, offered him his services. Matilda, wondering whether young Martin had observed his cowardice, could not help altering a proverb for his benefit. "I have heard," she said, "about people laughing on the wrong side of their mouth, and now I am going to laugh on the right side of the fence."

"I thought the wagon-fellow did not see us, and I sprang over without knowing it hardly, Matilda. I could have helped you; but, good gracious, you never could have expected me to lift your weight over the fence. I am not a blacksmith."

That speech killed all the riches and family position of the Willis family forever with Matilda. She turned to Anny, young Martin still standing beside her in silence, and, as Edgar Willis walked slowly down the street, said, "I will go in, Mrs. Pell, for a few minutes. I think your son must be used up, trying to put me over the fence. You did it like lightning," turning her face toward him.

"You see, my son strikes when the iron is hot," said old Martin. "He did so when he was in New London." Young Martin put his hand on his father's shoulder; the gesture was enough, — old Martin was mum from that moment.

"Mother," asked young Martin, "can't you give Miss Northwood some refreshment?"

"Oh, I am so put by! What will you have — a cup of tea?"

"Nothing in the world, thank you. Do you suppose that my brother William will hear anything from Mr. Willis, and bring the wagon for me? I expected to meet him at Mrs. Miller's about this time."

"Martin might go round with you," said Anny. "I am afraid your folks 'way down on the Neck will worry if you are late. I should worry, if I had such a darter out all alone." The sharp old woman looked at young Martin, and he knew that then and there she had divined his hopeless secret. Matilda, also, intercepted these glances, and was astonished and disturbed. Was a circus man to be thrown out of his buggy at Mr. Pell's door, that she might discover a secret impossible to learn otherwise? What did it mean? Young Martin, too, was miserably flustered; he had a painful sense of his mean home, the homeliness of his mother, the commonness of his father. Not in this fashion would he have selected to make Matilda's acquaintance. A shade fell upon them all. Old Martin got up for his pipe, also embarrassed. Young Martin, telling him to sit still, found it, and held a match for him to light it. Well, it was something to see this little fellow so gentle, and through goodness so refined, Matilda thought, rising to go. She held her hand out to Mrs. Pell, and then kissed her. There were tears in Matilda's eyes; why, no mortal could guess.

"Shall I wait upon you to Mrs. Miller's?" asked Martin, simply.

"If you please."

And the pair walked down the yard. Mrs. Pell saw with a kind of dismay that Matilda's bonnet was just above young Martin's flat cap. "I wish, father, he had on his tall hat," she said. Old Martin pounded his knee with his fist, and broke his pipe.

"Lord, I used to smash pipes in New London. But it's no use, Anny, we ain't high enough up in the world for them Northwoods. Martin must have blown out his wits with that darned offside; he has gone from one big thing to another, and now if he ain't trying to reach up to that six-foot gal."

"I'll tell you what he's got to. He put that gal over our fence when he thought she was in danger, when that Edgar Willis jumped over, and left her behind him."

Old Martin's cup was full. He could say nothing, but stared at the fire till Anny began to be alarmed. Then he said, solemnly, "Suppose I go there."

"Where upon arth, father?"

"To New London, to tell 'em this circumstance, you know. There was a man there who used to advise me on jest sich pints."

Anny put old Martin to bed at once, with a spoonful of picra and gin, and he was himself the next day.

Matilda shook hands with young Martin at the Millers' door, and saying the simplest thing she could conjure up, told him that but for his impulse that night she might have been much farther off — and showed him the skirt of her dress; there was a rent in it which turned him cold to look at.

"Yes," he replied, "I thought the horse was bearing down on you when I caught you. Oh, heavens!" and he clapped his hands together with passion — "I am all gratitude. But you mustn't thank me. Yes, you may — but I only did what I ought to have done for any helpless person."

"And Edgar Willis?"

"He is not a blacksmith, and is to be excused." This was Martin's first sarcasm.

"Well, good night" — and Matilda put out her hand again; she only felt the very tips of his fingers, and could not decide whether his hand was rougher than her father's. She was silent on the way home; her brother entertained her with an account of the circus trouble and upset. He had seen Edgar Willis with the man that had been turned out of his buggy, and he could not tell which looked the most scared.

The world went on the same afterward. Martin drove work like the very old *chevi*, old Martin remarked to Anny; but he fell off on his musical evenings, appearing restless of nights, and went about more. One night he brought home a bran new suit of clothes, with a blue neck-tie, and told his mother that he had joined the Cotillion party. Every week there was to be one, and he had engaged to play in the band alternate weeks; the other nights he should go on the floor.

"Now who was that plaguy chap in New London," said old Martin, musingly — "who used to cut such tremenjis pigeons-wings?"

"Martin," said his mother, sadly, "I almost wish father and I had stayed in his New London; it might have forrarded your plans, and you been the better for it. I feel as if we was your drawbacks — and how could we help being poor ignorant creeturs? And oh, Martin, I see as how you are eddicating yourself; we did not think of doing so, and I don't know how to make things out."

"You see," interpolated old Martin, "he has got stamini, and status, and a sinking fund of character, which we haven't."

"Never you mind, old man — got bacca, haven't you? Smoke it. Mother, jist go right on helping me. It's all right, I tell you. Where's my biled shirt?"

Unfortunately, at the first party Martin played, perched upon the little platform behind one fiddle, a clarionet, and a flute, he looked very small, and his dreadful instrument very large. It was remarked how very mildly young Martin played that night. Somebody told Matilda Northwood that he was staring his head off at her.

"My," exclaimed another, "if the musicians are going in for staring, Tilly will have conniptions."

"By no means," calmly replied Matilda, turning her full regards upon Martin, who did not happen to be playing at that moment. His quiet, fair face was flushed, and his fair hair, brushed off his forehead, was curly with the heat. He was dressed like a gentleman, too; she thought his dress as we'll fitting as that of Edgar Willis, though the tailors were not the same. Martin shivered at her glance, then he looked back and gave her a grave bow in return for hers. He was melancholy, and reflected upon what his mother had said; it was all true. The only way her father (meaning Matilda's) would allow him to approach her, would be with money, and by the time he had earned enough, somebody else would be her husband. More than once Matilda looked in his direction, and perceived that his heart was not in his playing. He was afraid to look at her; he might burst into tears if he did, she looked so pretty, and he was so far from her. She danced every set, of course. Once, when the company was marching round the hall, she came with her partner close to the side of the platform, and stood for a moment near him. He heard her say that she was tired, and warm, and didn't think it was so very pleasant after all. Martin felt so comforted that a great gulp came in his throat, so loud that the Flute looked at him, and asked if that 'ere offside wasn't pulling him down.

"Shut up, you fool," answered Martin, "or I'll pitch you headlong into the middle of the next dance."

Matilda heard this, and she felt better, too. She admired pluck, and every time she came near this little fellow he gave her an instance of it.

The second party young Martin joined as a dancer. Nobody knew where he had learned to dance at all; but no man went through his paces with more grace.

"He learned on the anvil, and old Martin made him dance on the hot iron, I suppose," sneered Edgar Willis.

"Down in New London, maybe," laughed another. "I wish," said Matilda Northwood to Edgar Willis, "that Martin Pell heard your speech; but there is no fence for you here."

"Well, Tilly, if you are going to keep on punishing me I must bear it; a fellow can't always control his nerves," he answered. "Your preserver is close by, I see; going to take him out?"

Matilda was stung. Martin kept aloof, and she understood that the advance must come from her. Martin was on the alert, and at a motion from her, he was bowing, and asking her for the next set. It was an ordeal for him. Matilda was at the head of the hall, above the salt which divided those "who worked for their living," and those who had money enough to live without actual labor. The male and female ancestor of every person in Tacktown was a laborer or tradesman of some sort; but there was not common sense enough for anybody to blow those airs away, till Matilda and young Martin did that night.

"Where shall we take our places?" asked Martin, very pale, and his lips shut so tight, and his eyes so determined, that Matilda's heart beat with pleasure. She knew that he could be tested.

"At the head of the first set."

There they stood, the first couple on the floor — all eyes upon them. Matilda kept her face toward him, and smiled resolutely. Her spirit passed into his. *He grew.* She was fluttering her fan carelessly.

"Let me fan you," he said, and took it from her, and no polite dandy could have flirited it with more grace than our young Martin; he twirled it first before her face, and then bestowed a whiff upon his own.

"Well, I never!" gasped the lookers-on. "Should think his face would burn! Just like Matilda Northwood to amuse herself so."

But Edgar Willis did not agree to this; he felt she was in earnest. They were well aware, Matilda and Martin, that they were the objects of criticism. As the sets slowly formed, they ventured to look into each other's eyes. Martin's face flushed, and he did not feel quite so self-possessed. Matilda went pale, but each knew that the look exchanged happiness. She wore a pretty bracelet.

"How would you like to have me forge you one?" he asked, as she twisted it round her wrist.

"I will wear it," she answered.

"What if it be of iron, and I could give you ornaments of no other sort?"

"All the same."

"Oh, Matilda, be careful, I can bear but little."

She took the fan now, and somehow their hands touched.

"Not from me, Martin? I might ask you to bear a great deal from me."

The tender accent of her voice was unmistakable. She kept her face concealed from the crowd with her fan and handkerchief, and Martin stood very near her, almost face to face; in fact, they were as much alone as if they were in the wilderness which blossoms as the rose. The heart alone knows how to discover that matchless solitude where love is first revealed. Again he began, and so did the violins and flutes.

"The other day, when I went over to Begham for this suit of party clothes, I made a resolution. I put something in this vest pocket, and determined that if ever you would dance with me, I would offer it to you, and that if you refused me, I would never wear the suit, nor dance, again."

He was so nervous that he put his hand to his neck-tie, as if he would denude himself of the Nessus apparel at once. Matilda was never so moved. Every demonstration that this obscure little young Martin made pleased her more and more. She slyly put out her hand to take his gift. It was a ring, and he not only slipped it into her hand, but on her finger. It was a pretty ring, too, — an emerald circled with pearls.

"You know what I mean," he whispered.

"How becoming your suit is," she answered; "do wear it. The next dance is yours — 'Hull's Victory' — and the next —"

"All, Matilda?"

"Every one."

"Balancez!" shouted the conductor.

— Elizabeth Stoddard.

ROSA BONHEUR AND HER TIGER.

WHEN I heard, the other day, that Rosa Bonheur had at length finished her great painting, "The Tiger," upon which she has been at work for nearly thirteen months, and which she herself has frequently pronounced her *chef-d'œuvre*, I took the first train for Fontainebleau in order to pay the great female painter a visit, and to see what could not but be a rare work of art. When I had been at her villa before, in 1865, M'lle Bonheur had received me with charming kindness, and, upon bidding her adieu, I had received a pressing invitation to see her again. So I knew that my visit would not be altogether unwelcome.

It was raining when I reached the villa, which lies within a stone's-throw from the railway depot; and, when I entered M'lle Bonheur's sitting-room, she was there in a water-proof cloak ready to go out; but she would not hear of it when I expressed my regrets at having come at so inopportune a moment and offered to repeat my visit some other time when she would be more at leisure.

"Oh, no, no!" she said, "you do not disturb me at all. I was just going to visit my animals; and, as I see you have an umbrella, why, accompany me. I will show you my pets."

Everybody knows that M'lle Bonheur is not only a great painter, but also a great lover of animals; and that she has spent no small portion of her fortune in purchasing fine horses, magnificent cows, curious looking sheep and goats, and the like. In effect, she has quite a menagerie; and there is, perhaps, no place in the world where cattle are so well taken care of, so well fed, so snugly quartered, as in the stables of the Villa Bonheur. M'lle Bonheur does not show these animal treasures to everybody, and, hence, I accepted her offer with explicable eagerness.

While we were crossing the garden in the rear of the villa, I told her what had brought me to her. "You want to see my 'Tiger'?" she exclaimed, merrily. "Well, I have two of them—one alive, in a cage, and the other, his portrait, on canvas. You shall see the former first, and then you will be better able to judge the latter."

This was quite a revelation to me. M'lle Bonheur had added the most terrible of quadrupeds to her menagerie, which had hitherto contained only representatives from the peaceful realm of pastures. But she had undertaken to paint the monarch of the jungle, and so she had to study him very carefully. M'lle Bonheur led me, in the first place, to a curious structure standing in front of the stables, from which a curious concert of animal voices was resounding.

Pointing to the oblong pavilion, which seemed to have been built entirely of iron and glass, she said, "There is my tiger."

We entered the pavilion, and I beheld, in the largest and most comfortable cage in which a wild beast, perhaps, ever was incarcerated—a superb Bengal tiger. What a magnificent animal it was! Nothing could be more regular and beautiful than its striped skin; nothing more terrible than its tail, its deadly claws, its head with the eyes dreamy and half closed.

Involuntarily I uttered an exclamation of admiration as I gazed upon the tiger, which was lazily stretched out, and hardly seemed to notice our arrival.

"Is not Nero beautiful?" asked M'lle Bonheur, with evident pride.

"Does he know you?" I said.

"Wait a moment."

She stepped close up to the grated cage.

"Nero!" she said to the tiger.

Nero opened his eyes, then rose slowly to his feet, approached the grate, and, with a shocking lack of gallantry, indulged in a yawn, during which he dis-

played the most formidable teeth I ever saw in my life.

M'lle Bonheur addressed a few kind words to him. Nero acknowledged them by moving his tail, and I believe, if a tiger can smile, he tried to do so. Then he uttered a low roar.

"Do you know what that means?" asked M'lle Bonheur.

I confessed that I did not.

"Nero is begging."

"A tiger begging!"

"Yes; he knows that I never come to him empty-handed."

Nero's mistress took a small iron spit from the wall, and went to the end of the passage in front of the cage. There was an iron box there, and from it she took with the spit a rather large piece of meat. The tiger, meanwhile, had become all attention.



"Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

He followed every motion of his mistress with his eyes, and when she stepped up to the railing in front of the cage, and handed him the piece of meat, he snatched it away from the spit and devoured it in a second.

"Now you will see how amiable Nero is," said M'lle Bonheur to me.

"A tiger amiable!"

"Yes; he knows that is all he will get now, for it is not feeding time; and he will not beg for any more meat."

In fact, Nero did not manifest any craving for more meat. He quietly lay down again, and seemed to fall into a doze.

"Are you not sometimes afraid of this tiger?" I inquired.

"At first, you may imagine I was," she replied; "but now I am no longer so. On the contrary, I sometimes feel a strange desire to enter his cage."

I could not suppress an exclamation of horror. "I tell you the truth," she said, seriously; "I be-

lieve he would not hurt me. Nay, I am almost sure he loves me."

"What a singular lover!" I said; and she joined in my hearty laugh.

M'lle Bonheur then told me how she had managed to obtain her Nero, who, she proudly said, was by far the finest tiger in France, if not in Europe. When she resolved to paint a tiger two years ago, she resolved, also, to purchase one. However, none of the specimens she could have bought in Paris suited her, and one day she heard from M. Alfred Assolant that the proprietor of a menagerie at Blois, named Sentenac, had a superb young tiger. To Blois, therefore, she repaired, and, as soon as her eyes fell upon Nero, she said that he was the animal she wanted. Sentenac, the proprietor, expressed his willingness to sell her the tiger; but here an unexpected obstacle arose. M. Sentenac had a young daughter, an only child,

who was passionately attached to Nero. They had received the latter as a mere cub, and the girl had then nursed him like a baby. No wonder that she protested against the sale of the tiger; and, as Sentenac, though not afraid of lions and tigers, was not proof against the tears and prayers of his daughter, Rosa Bonheur came near being told that she could not have Nero. But she is a shrewd little woman, and, finding out that M'lle Sentenac was engaged to be married to a poor young man at Blois, she made him a handsome present on condition that he should overcome the resistance of his *fiancée* to the sale of the tiger. In this way she secured Nero. She paid fifteen thousand francs for him, and the pavilion in which he is confined cost her five thousand more.

We next visited the stables; and I could not find words to express my admiration for this collection of superb animals. It seemed as if the finest specimens from the agricultural exhibitions of a dozen years were assembled in these stables, which are as conveniently arranged as they are kept scrupulously clean.

M'lle Bonheur is rich, and she can afford to spend a great deal of money upon her pets. She told me they cost her as much as twenty thousand francs a year. Nero, alone, eats daily more meat than fifty men can consume.

I was anxious to see the picture of the tiger, and my time was limited. When I told her that, she readily led me back to the villa. She took me into a small but high room in the northeastern corner of the ground-floor. There were two large windows reaching from the floor to the ceiling, so that all effects of light and shade could be easily obtained.

Against the wall stood "The Tiger." I could not turn my eyes from it. There was Nero, having just emerged from the jungle. A painter of animals has never probably succeeded in rendering, in an equally striking manner,

the terrible expression of the face of a tiger fixed upon his approaching prey—the proportions of his huge, but symmetric body. Color, surroundings, light, attitude—everything is perfect—worthy of Rosa Bonheur's genius.

When I finally turned to the great woman who had created this magnificent work, I was too deeply moved to speak. I pressed her hand in silence, and she appreciated this mute yet eloquent appreciation of her genius.

—Evan Goderich.

A GHILANI SONG.

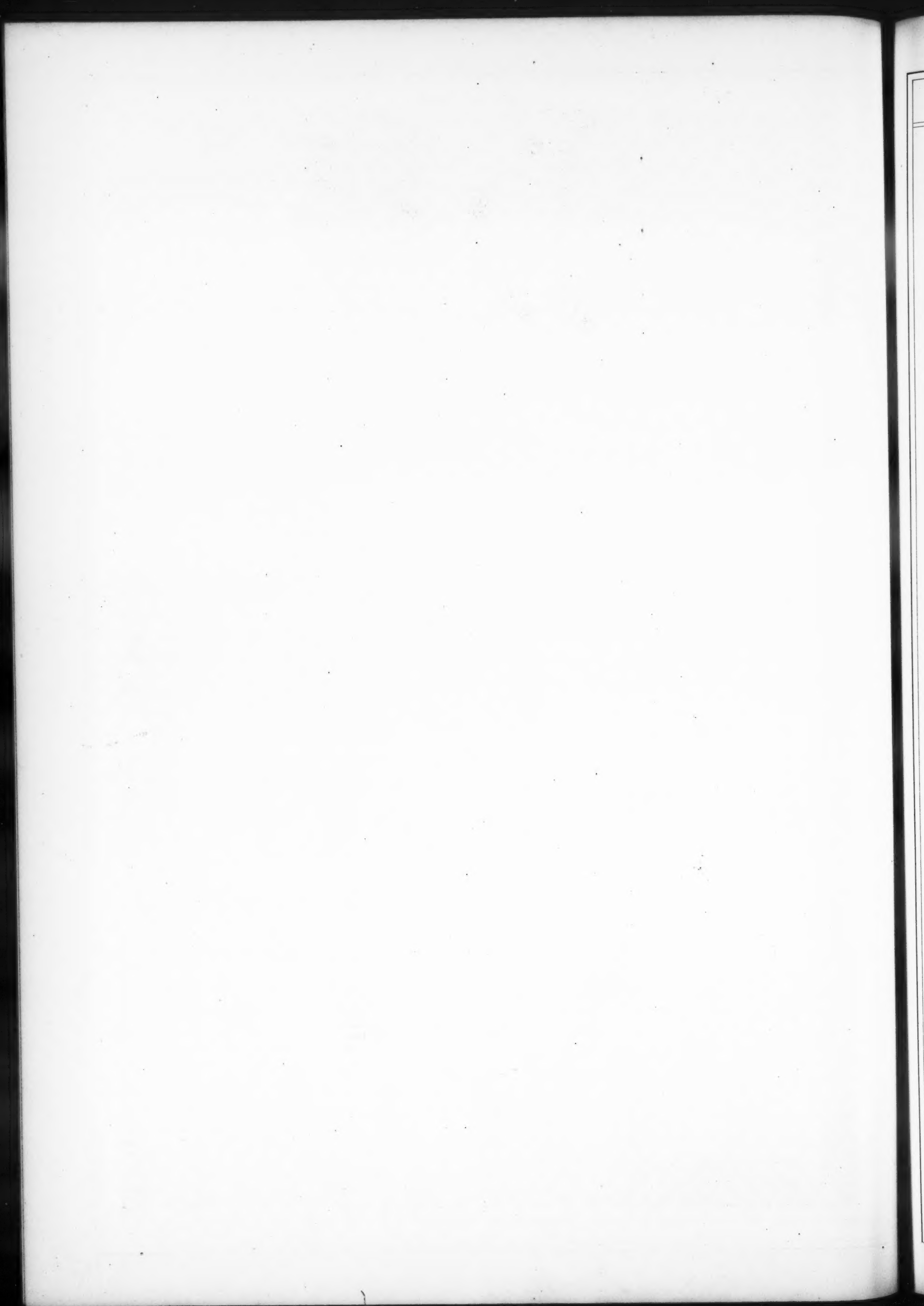
I KNOCKED, and knocked till midnight,
They did not open the door:
I looked for my little sweetheart—
She came to me no more!

The watchmen came and bound me,
(See, both my wrists are sore,)
I swear no lover was ever
Abused like me before!

—John Sydney.



A STAMPEDE OF WILD HORSES.—W. M. CARV.



LOST MUSIC.

THE poets tell of "dying strains," and it is only a step further to strains that are dead, or, at least, slumbering so remotely and in such occult retreats, that not a stray snore betrays their whereabouts.

Let Wagner ventilate his "music of the future," the very name of which has a vagueness about it akin to the "music of the spheres." There can be no music of the future, since, as the future is always *in futuro*, how can we infuse it with music any more than we can cram it with meat and drink? We have no creditable authority for any music of the future except the "last trump," and if Wagner has ever played that, he must surely have cheated the devil in the dark.

The music of the past is a palpable, tangible essence. Dead it may be, to the ears of the present generation, but it lives in memory, which it agitates with its air-waves in the still hours of the night, "when stars are in the quiet skies," and the waker throws himself on the back-trail that leads to the days when roses imparted their hues to every object, and all was lovely and serene.

The first music of which I have any distinct remembrance was of the Mother Goose school, interpreted by nursemaids, according to their gifts, which were oftener scant than otherwise. That was vocal music, which never seems to have haunted me, and followed me through life, like the strains produced by instruments woke into melody with wind. These nursemaids had a gift beyond their vocal endowments, which, as I have implied, were not of the first order. A comb, with a piece of brown paper folded over it, was the very first wind instrument I remember to have heard. By placing this instrument against the teeth, and blowing upon it, sounds resembling the "ping" of a very large mosquito were produced, and these could be modulated at will simply by turning on a tune as in singing. As Pan instructed the youthful Apollo in the use of his reed-pipes, so do I remember how these rosy maids used to guide me in the production of tuneful airs from this simplest of horns—the horn comb. When I had learned to play "Rousseau's Dream" upon it, all difficulty had vanished. Thenceforth I was a virtuoso upon the instrument, and, consequently, a nuisance to the neighborhood, and a subject for the vituperation of all quiet people.

Years afterward, when orchestras had become familiar to me, and I could tell the bombard from the bassoon with my eyes shut, there came to me a strange revelation of the old comb-trumpet, the strain of which had long slumbered in my mind. It was at an oratorio, given in a theatre, and a leading feature of the performance was a solo on the trumpet by a renowned performer. He played his piece—a very florid and difficult bravura—and the house shook with the applause that was thundered upon him. In the dead silence that followed, there came from the upper gallery a perfect imitation of the great trumpeter's masterpiece, played, with every turn and embellishment of the original, upon a comb. That fellow in the gallery was a genius. He had not only picked up correctly the difficult variations upon the air, then probably heard by him for the first time, but had actually imparted to his ignoble instrument a tone so much resembling that of a trumpet, that, after the first burst of laughter caused by his audacity had subsided, he was greeted with an encore, and fairly divided the honors of the evening with the real blower of brass.

But the comb, as an instrument of noise, has long since ceased to touch the chords of small-boy sympathies. Little brass trombones and cornets have superseded it in the musical education of childhood; yet I defy the best performer on these futile tubas to produce from them anything equal to the bravura touched off by that impudent fellow in the theatre gallery upon his vulgar, insignificant comb.

And those dear old ridiculous musical glasses, from which wailing melodies were evolved with a wet finger—to what limbo of instruments that are no longer played upon, but played out, have they been consigned? They should be dear to memory, if only for their association with Oliver Goldsmith, in whose "Vicar of Wakefield" familiar mention of "Shakespeare and the musical glasses" is made. The first I remember to have heard were played upon by a celebrated ventriloquist, as a kind of interlude between the parts of his entertainment. Thinking of it now, I should call it a very feeble and puling kind of music, though, at that time, it had a great fascination for us

youngsters. We all damaged our diaphragms with trying to produce ventriloquial effects, and ransacked the butler's pantry for all the tumblers and wine-glasses we could find, which we arranged, to the best of our ability, according to the chromatic scale. I do not look back with much pride on these essays of ours with the musical glasses. As I have said, wind instruments alone had a fascination for me, and there is something pleasingly regretful in the memories of the musical comb. Benedick was of the same opinion; for, says he, in allusion to fiddles and mandolines: "Is it not strange that sheep's guts should hale souls out of men's bodies? Well, a horn for my money, when all's done."

The most unique music, in all my memories, was that of the famous Russian Horn Band—the only one of the kind, so far as I know, that ever existed, and which has been extinct, it seems to me, ever since about the time when Plancus was Consul. This remarkable band was organized, I think, by the then Emperor of Russia, by whom license was at one time accorded to the serfs composing it to travel through Europe with an *impresario*, and give performances. Its peculiarity consisted in the fact that each of the performers—some twenty in all—blew but one note. The principle was somewhat the same as that of the musical bells played by the Swiss Ringers, who followed each other, touch and go, with a single ring. The instruments used by these Russians were simple, straight horns, made of silver or some other white metal, varying in length from a foot to ten or twelve feet, and wide in proportion. It is difficult to realize the possibility of producing complicated music by such means, but they did it, and their performance was one of the most wonderful things that it is possible to conceive. The twenty men at the horns, with their one note apiece, were as one man playing upon one horn of the mellowest tone, and fitted with keys running upon no end of scale. It was as much a machine, that Russian Horn Band, as is an orchestra, or any other such instrument wound up to play for a certain time. There can never be another band like it; for serfdom is abolished in Russia, and who but a serf would allow himself to be converted into something like a brass wheel belonging to the machinery of a clock? They also played upon reeds graduated in length like the horns, and with equal precision as to time. Lost music! lost music! we shall never hear its like again.

Venerable among wind instruments is the Jews' Harp, to evolve pleasant melodies from which the player must possess not only an ear for music, but likewise a tooth. The name of this instrument suggests that it might have had its origin in Palestine, but of this we have no positive evidence. It has fallen into desuetude now, having long since been superseded by that new-fangled phenomenon, the mouth-accordion. Occasionally it is to be seen in the windows of small huxter shops, in company with bars of yellow soap, sticks of candy, and fly-blown valentines of last year; but, as an accomplishment, the playing of the Jews' Harp is no longer popular, and it must take its place upon the list of lost music. And it was possible to produce very tolerable music even from this little iron mite. There was a man who used to play upon a number of them at once, so that it was said he had one to each of his front teeth. I heard this man play, and saw him, and should be afraid to say how many of these little instruments he really did manipulate at once. His mouth, as I remember, looked like an accident extending from ear to ear; but that was just where he had the advantage over ordinary men, for who but he could have held such a mouthful of music without letting some of it run over the edges of the tune?

Many a year ago, when deer-hunting with a party in the wild forest, we pitched our camp, one day, near where some great cyclone had cut a "windfall," or wide road, through the timber. We knew of it only from our guide, who said it was about a mile to the west of us, and quite impassable, in places, from fallen trees, and so we did not steer for it. In the dead of the night, when all my companions were wrapped in blankets and slumber, and I alone lay watching by the camp fire, the wind arose from the west, and came sighing between the tall trunks of the trees in fitful gusts. Suddenly there came on its wings a sound of awful, weird music, the like of which for volume and tremulous cadences I had never before heard. Breaking upon the silence of the night, in that dark and solemn forest, it brought with it a feeling of the supernatural, filling my soul with vague terror. Awaking the hunter, I motioned him to listen,

which was hardly necessary, as he could not help but hear. "Ah!" exclaimed he, as the resonant chords made the mighty trees vibrate, "that's Jake Dikeman's wind-harp in the windfall yonder. Bad luck it brings, they say, to hear it in the night, and I guess we'll fetch no deer to-morrow." Dikeman was a backwoodsman long since dead, who had lived all alone on the edge of the windfall. There, through eccentricity, or waywardness, he built an immense Æolian harp, the strings of which were long, thin pieces of wood, arranged upon a frame so as to thrill to the action of the wind when it came rushing through the great gap in the forest. The booming of this mysterious harp communicated itself to the stems of the trees, by which it was conducted to an incredible distance in the bush. The deceased Dikeman was supposed to "walk" on nights when the elements woke up the strains of his wind-harp; and so appalled was our old hunter at having unwittingly neared the place, that, early next morning, he made us strike camp, and move away three or four miles to windward.

Never more shall I lie by camp fire and listen to the awful booming of the wind-harp among the trees. It is lost music to me, forever, but verily and in good sooth, its loss is a gain. —C. D. Shanly.

A VISIT TO MADAME THIERS.

THE other day I paid a visit to Madame Adolphe Thiers, and I spent a very delightful hour with this excellent woman, who, no matter what the papers hostile to the Republic have lately been reckless enough to assert about her, is worthy of being the consort of her illustrious husband, and deserves all the chivalrous devotion with which he is attached to her.

I had met Madame Thiers twice before. The first time was in 1840, at the very moment when her husband, as Prime Minister, seemed bent upon bringing about a general European war. It was at the bookstore of M. Planteur, one afternoon in October. I was engaged in an animated conversation with M. Eugène Sue about the merits of Ponsard's "Lucrèce," when M. Planteur, interrupting us, asked me if I had any objection to being introduced to a lady who was very desirous of making my acquaintance. "Who is it?" I inquired. "Madame Adolphe Thiers." "With all my heart." A moment or two afterward my hand rested in that of Madame Thiers, and my eyes were charmed by the indescribable expression of kindness which beamed from hers. I expected to find in the wife of the great orator and minister *une grande dame*. I had read that she was very rich when he married her, and I forget who told me that she was cold and reserved. Nothing of the kind. Retiring manners, it is true, but a charming *bonhomie* without *gaucherie*; an elegant figure, a handsome face, despite her forty years; large, restless, brilliant blue eyes, beautiful dark-brown hair, and the hands of a duchess: such was Madame Thiers in 1840. I said to myself, "This woman will never grow old."

I forget now what our conversation was about, except that she made me blush by assuring me that she had read my books with much interest, and asked my co-operation in some charitable enterprise. "What can I do?" I asked—"I am not rich." Madame Thiers explained to me that, for the purpose in question, she and her friends were getting up an album, every page of which was to contain an autograph sketch or poem by one of the contemporary writers of France. The book was to be entitled "Le Livre d'Or," and was to be sumptuously printed. Victor Hugo, Alphonse de Lamartine, Alexandre Dumas, Alfred de Vigny, and Alphonse Karr had promised to do their share. "We have reserved one page for George Sand," concluded Madame Thiers, with an arch, inquiring smile. Vainly did I try to tell her that it was more difficult for me to write something worth reading in twenty lines than a whole book; there was no resisting her eloquent, pleading eyes, and so she carried off a promise from me to write the page, and to bring it to her in person. I did so a few weeks afterward, but there were others present, so that I could have but little conversation with her. But next day I received from Madame Thiers a little note of thanks, closing with a promise of rendering me a service whenever she could do so.

I never thought that I should have occasion to remind her of this promise; and yet the other day a poor woman from Tours, all in tears, asked me, "Do you know M. Thiers?" "Not personally," I replied. "Oh, madame," she said, with that expression of a

sorrowing mother to which we have become so accustomed in France during the last few years, "I heard you knew the President, and could intercede with him for my poor son!" Her son had been implicated in the attempt to unfurl the Red Flag at Tours, in March, 1871. "Eugène was then but twenty years old—he is the best boy in the world—he was misled—he did hardly anything—and now he is to be transported to New Caledonia for ten years!—my only son!" Her sobs and tears rent my heart. But what could I do? I had no influence.—"Tiens," I thought all of a sudden, "I will go to Madame Thiers, and remind her of her promise made so many years ago." I comforted my distressed visitor as best I could, and asked her to come back next day. The matter was urgent, she said, and I assured her I would lose no time. I lost none.

elaborate than mine, and the ease with which she treated me made me feel at once at home, and that we really lived in a Republic. I told her what I had come for, and, I believe, I pleaded with a little eloquence. Kind-hearted lady, she mingled her tears with mine as I told her all about the poor mother's distress! "Alas! alas!" she sighed. "I will speak to my husband; but," she added, taking my hand, "do not be too hopeful—for he is comparatively powerless." I suggested that Madame Thiers should induce her husband to write to the Committee of Pardons in behalf of the poor woman's son. She consented. I gave her the name of the unfortunate youth. "Will you plead his cause?" I said. "To-day, at the dinner-table," she answered, with a glance revealing her whole kind heart.

I rose to go, but Madame Thiers detained me.

me very little. I receive twice a week, as I always did; and that is a pleasure, not a burden for me. I go to Paris four or five times a week, to watch the fitting up of our new house; I read and write letters; see a few people, who come to me with petitions (there are not many of them, though), and have some friends or distinguished strangers at the dinner-table; and that is about all. Why, I lead about the same life as poor Queen Amélie, who told me one day she wished her household duties were more onerous."

When she mentioned her new house in Paris, her face assumed a graver expression. I appreciated her grief at the loss of her old residence. What memories clustered round that unpretending building in the Rue Dames St. George—what treasures it contained, and what distinguished personages had crossed its



THE BULL-CALF.—PETER MORAN.

Half an hour afterward I was on my way to Versailles. When my *fiacre* stopped in front of the Palais du President, I was amused at the surprise manifested by the *portier* when I handed him my card, and begged him to say to Madame Thiers that I was very anxious to see her on that day yet. "Madame," he replied, with a smile, "admits all visitors at once." I was conducted to a small reception-room, and a few minutes afterward Madame Thiers stepped in, with a vivacity truly charming in an old lady of seventy. Old, I say—in years, yes, and her hair is white, too; but, otherwise, she looked really young. Her eyes were still as bright and kind as thirty years ago—her carriage was decidedly erect, and her manners seemed less timid and livelier than when I had met her before.

She was good enough to remember our slight acquaintance of thirty years ago, and to chide me, pleasantly, for never having renewed it. I wanted to excuse myself for not appearing before her *en grande toilette*, but her plain, black silk dress looked no more

"No, no," she exclaimed; "you must not go yet; I have often wished to see you. Oh, I have read your books." I asked her which of them had pleased her best. "Vraiment," she replied, "your 'Pierre qui Roule.'" And then she asked, which one I liked best. There I was in a quandary. "What a question!" I exclaimed, laughing. "If I were to tell the truth, I believe I dislike them all!" "Oh, oh!" and she joined in my laughter. The conversation now took a very merry turn. Madame Thiers asked me if I wrote much nowadays. "How can I?" I asked. "When I am in the country, I have to take care of my grandchildren, and that takes up most of my time; and, in Paris, I do not find much leisure, either. I am sure," I added, "your time, madame, is likewise greatly occupied." "What a mistake!" was the merry reply. "Why, M^{lle} Doche and I read nearly all day. Give us a new book, and I will promise to read it at one sitting." "But your duties as the wife of his excellency the President?" I ventured to inquire. "My public duties? Ah, they inconvenience

threshold! I did not dare to open my mouth about it, and tried to change the conversation. But Madame Thiers did not laugh again.

I took my departure, after having promised to visit the dear lady again. I am sure I shall redeem my promise this time, and I believe she has fulfilled hers; for the poor mother has written me that, by order from Versailles, her son's departure for New Caledonia has been postponed until his case can be examined again, and that the people of Tours believe he will not be transported.

—George Sand.

JUNE.

"GIVE me a month," said the Summer,
Demanding of Nature a boon,
That shall make surly Winter forgotten,
And be with all sweet things in tune!

"The skies must be blue—the Sun golden—
Love must light the white lamp of the Moon."
The great Mother smiled, and she kissed her,
And the smile and the kiss were—June!—Henry Richards.

WHAT ARE THEY THINKING OF?

We never take a good look at any of the domestic animals without recalling the first line of the lyric by which Dr. Holland is best known—"What is the baby thinking of?" and changing it to suit the animal we are looking at, as—"What is the horse thinking of?" or—"What is the cow, the calf, or the sheep thinking of?" The philosophers tell us that animals do not think. They have instinct, they say, but not reason, and without reason there can be no thought. We are not so sure of that; for we often come across thought, or what appears to be thought, in which there is not a particle of reason, so far as we can discover. We might quote, as an illustration of this, a good deal of the poetry of the period, beginning with "Leaves of Grass," and ending—but there is no

if we had to choose between being a dog, or a horse, and a Digger Indian, we should give the quadruped the preference over the biped. Grass in the fields, and hay and oats in the stable—or bones, and meat, and the rejected titbits of the pantry—are pleasanter to ruminate upon than roots and bugs.

We should like to know what Mr. Moran's young bull-calf is thinking of. Is he trying to remember what happened yesterday, or to imagine what will happen to-day? He is evidently in the mood which is called reverie in man, and, like man, he seems to be chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies. We should say, at a venture, that he was not satisfied with the hay that he had eaten, but was longing, in a mild, vealy way, for "fresh fields and pastures new." Perhaps he is nibbling clover in a dream. It was only yesterday that he got into the clover-field, the

If we have the reader with us in what we have said about the calf, we are not so sure of him in what we are going to say about sheep. There is a prejudice in favor of sheep, and it is shared by poets and painters. The poets love to sing about them, because they are so innocent, and the painters love to paint them, because they are so pretty. One who was both a painter and a poet, delivers himself in this fashion:

"Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Gave thee life, and bid thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, wooly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice:
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?"



GROUP OF SHEEP.—PETER MORAN.

guessing where we should end. It is not many years since the writings of Mr. Emerson were unintelligible to the mass of readers. What does he mean by Brama? was a question they put to each other, and could not answer; so the wits took to burlesquing it. In view of this, and other instances which might be named, it is best not to dogmatize too strongly on the difference between sensation and thought. For ourselves, we believe that if some animals do not think, they come as near to thinking as a good many people we know. Look into the eye of a good horse, and see if there is not something stirring in the brain behind it that is very like thought. Look into the eye of a trusty dog, and see if there is not something human in its expression of love and fidelity. The things that dogs and horses do naturally, and the things that they can be trained to do, imply, in our humble opinion, more than is generally understood by the word instinct; they imply reason,—mind. It is of a low order, perhaps, but it is not of so low an order as the mind of a Digger Indian. At any rate,

children having left the bars down, and had such a juicy feast among the red blooms. There was a deal of scampering before he was caught; for, what with the fresh, bright air, and the stolen enjoyment, which was a new sensation to him—not to insist upon his being a calf besides—he kicked up his heels at a great rate. There was another calf in the next pasture, and he set up a race on his own account. That calf will be gone to-morrow, and its mother will mourn for it, as Rachel mourned for her children, only she will be comforted, while Rachel, we are told, was not. They love their offspring, these motherly old cows, but they have the happy gift of forgetfulness, and not the slightest idea that there is such a thing as Veal in the world. As regards Beef, we think they have suspicions; for we have observed the terror which frequently seizes them when they are driven into great slaughter-houses. They act then as if they felt that all was up with them. No such apprehension is in the head of Mr. Moran's calf: he feels himself, and fears nothing. Happy creature!

As Blake answered his own question, it is to be supposed that he had no great faith in the lamb's mind. At any rate we have not. It is certainly not an acute one, or we should hardly have had the popular saying, "It is easy to pull the wool over his eyes." We find no mind, no life even, in the sweet little creatures with which Verboeckhoven is flooding the market, but we find both in the sheep of Rosa Bonheur and Jacque, as well as in Mr. Moran's spirited group, every member of which is alive, though some appear to sleep, while all are thinking.

What are they thinking of? We know what we should be thinking of in their place. It would be this: How nice it is to lie in the sun! Who is the little girl who pats us when we pass her door? And who is that man who watches us so closely with something in his hand? Here we should remember that we were not sheep, and say, "It is Mr. Peter Moran, the artist, who is painting your portraits. Go, and look at them, and see whether they are like. You recognize yourselves, eh? We knew you would."



IN THE PARK. — SPECHT.

IN THE PARK.

THERE is a charm about the old cities of Europe which nothing in the New World equals; and he must be, indeed, the most bigoted of Americans, who, having visited them, does not at once perceive and acknowledge the fact. Every city in America is new, comparatively speaking, but every European city of any account is old. There is the look of antiquity everywhere. It smiles upon us in the quaint and picturesque old houses; it frowns upon us in the walls of dark and gloomy fortresses; it looks down upon us from the towers and spires of massive cathedrals; and it haunts us in the broad avenues of the royal old parks.

We have reason to be proud of some of our parks, both for what they are, and what they will be. Our Central Park, for example, is a noble inclosure, and the Boston Common so belies its name that its name ought to be changed. There is a flavor of antiquity about the latter which adds largely to its natural beauty, and makes Boston—if not exactly the Hub of the Universe, as all good Bostonians believe, cer-

tainly the most agreeable of American cities. The average American is gradually becoming educated with regard to his parks. He can doubtless remember the time when he thought they cost more than they came to, and were, consequently, not necessary; he can certainly remember the time when it was necessary to watch them during the day, and to lock them up, if they could be locked up, at night. What with boys cutting their names on the benches, and girls helping themselves to flowers, it was scarcely safe to leave them out of doors. We have changed all that. What we have not changed, and cannot change, however, is their age. They are young, the oldest of them are young, and we shall not live to see them old. Generations, centuries must pass before they will be old, and their antiquity will be in a certain sense modern. It will not suggest the antiquity of the parks of Europe, which is derived from a different civilization than ours, and which cannot and ought not to be transplanted here. It is noble, it is royal, it is imperial, and—it is in the right place.

If we have any imagination, we are haunted in these old parks by memories of what they were in the olden

time. We are transported back to the days when lords and ladies sauntered along their walks, and the shadows were brightened by the flash of jewels and the gleam of waving plumes. We hear the rustle of brocade, possibly the murmur of whispering voices. It is a *fête* day, and the Duke, or the King, has dropped his State-craft and become an idler. "We must show ourselves occasionally to our loving subjects." His Serene Highness is feeding the carp in his pond, and the carp appear to enjoy the sport, for they eat voraciously. If he resemble his graceless Majesty Charles II., he will play with his spaniels, and bandy words with the wittiest of his courtiers. If he ape the style of Louis XIV., he will dance a minuet with his favorite shepherdess, and disappear with her in a little chateau. These are rather picturesque than pleasant memories, and we prefer the last. We shall find them in some of the old parks of Germany, of which we have a sunny glimpse above. It is just the place for lovers to walk, for if they see the boy-god on one side of them, they see the lions on the other, and can draw the moral—*Love is beautiful, but Honor alone is strong.*



A VIEW IN OLD AMSTERDAM. — AFTER HERMANN.

AMSTERDAM.

THE city of Amsterdam — the "Dutch Venice," as it has been irreverently named — is built upon a large number of small islands, connected by several hundred bridges, where the so-called Y flows into the Zuyder Zee. Innumerable canals — at least a stranger is apt to think them innumerable — divide the city and serve to give it certain Venetian aspects. The Dutch are understood to look with quiet and sedate scorn upon the city of the Doges, which they regard as a passable copy of their own; but the verdict of impartial strangers, who have visited both cities, is that while Amsterdam may be a very good Venice for the Dutch, its principal claim to the name lies in the fact that, like the beautiful city which crowns the Adriatic, it was founded by fishermen. There is certainly no other resemblance between the two cities.

But there is much that is beautiful and worthy of careful study in Amsterdam. There is a peculiar charm in the form which the city has assumed. It has been compared to a crescent, or to a bow, on account of the manner in which it is built along the banks of the Y. Fronting the harbor, where we may imagine the string of the "bow" to be drawn, lie the immense docks, whose strong dykes protect the city from the high tides of the Zuyder Zee. A walk along these dykes is very charming, as it affords a delightful view of the city, and of the open bay and its various and picturesque shipping. The construction of these docks was a triumph of engineering skill and art. The great depth of the Y, and the yielding character of its bed, offered difficulties which years of labor and millions of dollars were required to overcome.

The most beautiful portions of Amsterdam lie along the three principal canals — the Heerengracht, the Keizergracht, and the Prinzensgracht — which divide the city in parallel crescents. Their banks are planted with trees, and the houses stand far enough back to allow room for vehicles and foot passengers. In this respect Amsterdam differs from Venice, where houses and palaces stand on the water's edge. But there is nothing to remind one of the glorious palaces of Venice. In Amsterdam the most costly buildings

have a tame uniformity which displeases the eye. They are all alike, monotonously regular and correct, like a company of soldiers on dress parade. Except in the old parts of the city there is very little individuality or contrast in the buildings.

It is reported that Erasmus, of Rotterdam, once said in jest that he knew a city (meaning Amsterdam), whose inhabitants, like ravens, lived on trees, — a poor witticism on the fact that the greater part of the city is built on piles. The author of "Hudibras" describes the whole country as one which drew "fifty foot of water," in which men lived "as in the hold of nature." It is a land, he says, "which lies at anchor," in which men "go on board," like sailors on a ship. He says it scarcely deserves the name of land, "as but the off-scouring of the British sand," and describes, in the most ludicrous manner, the effects of an inundation, when fishes played at leap-frog over the church-steeple of the drowned land. But it must be remembered that when Butler wrote the Dutch and English were rivals for the mastery of the seas, and that the former came very near getting the best of the fight. Hence the bitterness of the English poetic satire. In the thirteenth century Amsterdam was nothing but a wretched village of fishermen's huts, and he would have been deemed a crazy prophet who had then ventured to predict for it a future of greatness and prosperity. At that time it belonged to the Count of Amstel; but Gysbrecht of Amstel lost possession of the town, in a war with the Count of Holland. This Gysbrecht is the hero of a solemn national tragedy, which is always given once a year in the Stadsschouwburg, or royal theatre of Amsterdam. It is a very tedious and very old play, and is venerated accordingly by the good burghers of that city, who would resent with indignation any remark upon its exasperating dullness, which is not of the kind that "ever loves a joke."

Amsterdam now contains about 280,000 inhabitants. The most characteristic of the public buildings is the royal palace, which in former years was the Stadthaus, or City Hall, and so it is still called by the people of Amsterdam. In fact, the massive structure is a fitter representative of the ancient solid material prosperity and greatness of the Netherlands than of

princely state. Its very aspect recalls the olden time when the fleets of Holland jostled those of Spain and England on every sea. The style, architectural ornamentation, the pictures and statuary, make their true impression only in the light of the olden time. We must recall the great past of Holland to give interest to the spacious apartments, the wide and lofty halls, and magnificent galleries of the colossal structure. Here was the great town assembly room, there the burgomaster's hall, and opposite the council chamber. In one division was the exchange bank, the treasure being kept in huge cellars underneath. The small entrance to the building, which was well enough for the uses for which the building was originally erected, is entirely unsuited to a royal palace, even in such a city.

Amsterdam is a very lively city, and one of the most pleasant on the continent for the stranger to visit. Its large commerce with every part of the world, the curious mixtures of nationalities one meets in its streets and marts, give it attractions which are wanting in the inland cities. The number of Jews in the city is very great, and they constitute a very wealthy and influential class of the community. We cannot think of them without recalling the great names of Uriel Acosta and Baruch Spinoza.

The spirit of modern innovation has reached Amsterdam, and while there is no doubt that the improvements have added greatly to its healthfulness, and to its convenience as a place of business, it is to be regretted that some of the most characteristic portions of the town have been needlessly sacrificed. The picturesque pile of buildings shown in our illustration on this page, for instance, exists now only on the canvas of the artist. It was called "The Little Fisherman's Haven," and was not only interesting in itself, but as a reminiscence of the early history of the city, when it was merely a collection of poor fishermen's huts, built on rude piles among the reedy swamps of the cluster of islands on which rises the modern city. The structure which now occupies this site is magnificent and imposing; but one cannot but regret that the older buildings should have been torn down to make room for it. They were at least characteristic, and this is not.

THE STAMPEDE.

Do you like horses?
Well, so do I;
But I look out, though,
When a storm is nigh:
They lose their wits,
And are crazy then;
I suppose it's because
They are so like men.

Did you ever see 'em
Out on the Plains
Capture a mustang?
It's worth your pains:
You throw for the head,
And catch the same;
Then blow in his nostrils
The creature is tame!

But about being scared?
I was going to say

A herd of wild horses,
Maddened with fear,
Were coming upon us—
Were close in our rear!

I wheeled my horse round,
I hardly knew why,—
Pulled him up, and waited
The death that was nigh!
What mad tossing manes—
What light in their eyes—
What plunges,—what swiftness—
What terrible cries!

I rose in my stirrups,
And gave a wild yell;
Picked out the head stallion,
Fired—and he fell!
They parted,—went round us,
We escaped! Indeed?
But I made up my mind—
No more stampede!

—S. Lang.

and in which, when they were not in use, we youngsters used to swing. It was a favorite corner till the day when we were driven to the mill: we haunted it less, after that, though we rather liked it; at last—we swung no more! The smithy had lost its charm, and Vulcan himself could not have drawn us thither, even to see the cattle of King Admetus shod.

We took to the mill. It was on the side of the village road, which wound down to the edge of the sea. A little river, running from somewhere inland, broadened into a small lake, and narrowed again as it neared the mill dam. The water there was still, and dark, and was believed to be very deep. The village boys used to drop their lines into it, and there were traditions that pickerel were sometimes caught therein. Those who were not piscatorially inclined, and we were of the number, loved to stand and watch the old wheel—that treadmill which the river was forced to turn on its way to the sea, and which turned



THE OLD MILL.—A. KESSLER.

THE OLD MILL.

That horses in storms
Is no child's play:
Old trappers know it,
And fight 'em shy,
When thunder begins
To growl in the sky.

I was riding once,
When a tempest came;
The sky and the earth
Was a sheet of flame:
My good horse trembled
In every limb:
'Twas enough for me—
Too much for him!

I gave him the spur,
And dropped the rein;
I don't care to take
That ride again!
Phew!—how he flew,
Outrunning the wind—
Till I suddenly felt
There was something behind!

I turned in my saddle,
And saw by the glare
Of the blinding lightning
That something *was* there!

EVERY man whose childhood has been passed in the country, or who has had some—no matter how small—experience of child-life outside of cities, must remember some one haunt that is dearer to him than all others. It is not apt to be the school-house, though it may be on rare occasions; it may possibly be the playground, in which he used to pitch buttons, shoot marbles, and spin his top; it is likely to be the blacksmith's shop; it is certain to be the mill. We wavered between the last two, for a short time, in our childish days. One of our earliest recollections, perhaps the earliest of outdoor life, is of a village blacksmith's shop. It stood back from a dusty country road, and was, we have no doubt now, the merest apology for what it assumed to be. There was a little forge in one corner, behind which we tugged, when we were allowed, as a great favor, to expend our wind in raising that of the bellows. In another corner was a stall wherein oxen were shod, the charm of which was two broad leathern bands, which were used to hoist the oxen up so that they could not kick,

and turned from morning to night, on busy days, dripping diamonds all the while. They glittered, and disappeared, and glittered again, an inexhaustible Golconda. This was the mill from without. Within all was dark and strange, to our dazzled eyes, and we were never weary of peering through the open door, beyond which we heard the clatter of something, and saw the miller flitting round, covered with white dust. There were meal-sacks on the floor, and meal was pouring from somewhere, through a hopper, into other sacks. All was meal, and mealy.

We took to the mill hugely, and took away a huge deal of the mill in the shape of meal-dust on our garments, which would retain it when we tried to brush it off on the way home. It told the tale of where we had been loitering, and led to another drubbing of our jackets.

The German mill in our illustration is not exactly of the type to which we are accustomed, but it is picturesque, and characteristic of the simple people by whom it was built, and to whom it brings pleasant rural memories, as pleasant, no doubt, as our old mill brings to us.

MUSIC.

RUBINSTEIN AND THE OCEAN SYMPHONY.

THE most remarkable musical event, not merely of the month, but of the whole season, and of many seasons, has been the appearance of Rubinstein as a conductor of one of his own orchestral works. It is an experience such as New York has never had before and cannot expect soon to have again. Great composers and great conductors are rare in any age, and when they appear before a delighted world they do not usually think it worth while to visit America. The Russian pianist is a man of deep sympathies, of strong character, and of overpowering will. His intellectual organization is extremely delicate, and his emotional nature both quick and refined. Such a man has extraordinary qualifications for a great conductor. The orchestra was not familiar with his peculiarities, and we believe there had been scant opportunities for rehearsal; but it was the orchestra of Theodore Thomas (strengthened by ten or twelve picked players), and these men proved remarkably quick in responding to the conductor's instructions and seizing his meaning. Rubinstein came upon the stage with the calm and unaffected manner for which he is remarkable, and went to his work without preliminary flourishes. He did not use the score; and he pushed the desk away. There was a profound stillness in the audience when he stood before that splendid band, threw back his head, tossed his long hair, and raising his arm with a nervous, imperative gesture, started the broad *allegro maestoso* of his Ocean Symphony. The presence of a master was felt from the very first. We had heard this music before, but surely it was not altogether the same. A new soul breathed in it. A new energy inspired those magnificent measures; a new tenderness of feeling spoke from those gentle strains. Rubinstein never distracted our attention from the music to the conductor. He seemed to fascinate the performers; but the audience could drop their eyes, and, forgetting him, give themselves wholly up to the enjoyment of what he had created. We need hardly say that he never gave way to the vulgar violence of rapping with his baton or stamping with his foot. So much self-restraint as that we expect from all genuine artists. But many of us were doubtless surprised to find that he was never grotesque, never eccentric. He was energetic without display, active without extravagance. He passed nothing unnoticed. Every phrase took its slightest accent from him. For every nuance of expression he gave the signal. Every instrument was guided by his motions. With a gentle, half perceptible motion of his left hand he moulded the plaintive phrases which flowed from the distant reeds; with a vigorous swing of the other arm, like a mower wielding a scythe, he drew a great sweeping measure from the bass strings at his feet. But, after all, a description of the technical peculiarities of his conducting gives no idea of the impression produced upon the audience. These things, as we have said already, are little noticed or are soon forgotten. The indefinable influence of genius is the secret force which stamps the performance with such a remarkable character.

The Ocean Symphony is not strictly a novelty in New York, but we had never heard the whole of it until that evening at Steinway Hall. It was originally in four movements, and those four were played by the Philharmonic Society only two years ago. But since its first publication the composer has added to it an *allegro con fuoco* and an *adagio*, besides altering a little the *tempi* of the other movements, and as now reconstructed it consists of the following six parts: 1, *allegro maestoso*; 2, *andante assai*; 3, *allegro con fuoco*; 4, *adagio*; 5, *scherzo*; 6, *finale*. It takes a full hour in the performance; but we are sure that nobody found it too long on the occasion of which we write; not only was the execution admirable, but the work itself is so fertile in ideas, so rich in variety, so bright in spirit, and so free from repetitions, that it can hardly become wearisome if the rendering is even moderately successful. From the name, one might have expected to find in it a series of movements imitating the rush of mighty waters, and the roar of the angry elements. It contains, however, nothing of this sort. It is in no sense of the word "programme music." The significance of its appellation is spiritual. It is a Symphony of the Ocean because its broad, majestic, and melodious measures impress the mind with the same awful sense of an illimitable expanse, an unfathomable depth, a ceaseless variety of ever-shifting forms, which a vision of the sea brings home to the thoughtful observer. We feel the immense, yet subdued force of the *allegro maestoso*, the calm beauty of the *andante*, the tempestuous grandeur of the *allegro con fuoco*, the sweet undulating melody of the *adagio*, the sparkling merriment of the *scherzo*, and the sublime character of the *finale* in which a choral theme raises our thoughts from the phenomena of creation to a recognition of the divine Creator; but we cannot point to any one part of the symphony and say, this is the calm expanse of the waters, or this is the storm, or this is the blue sea dancing in the sun and singing its wonderful melody along the sandy beach, or breaking in gentle ripples upon the ship's sides. What Rubinstein has given us is something greater than mere musical description. That it is truly a great work there seems hardly room for question. It is greater than any other living composer has done except Liszt and Wagner—and these masters have equaled it but rarely.

WAGNER.

The formation of the Wagner Union in New York has not resulted, perhaps, in a stupendous pecuniary success, but it has given us one very remarkable concert, and will, probably, before the end of the season, give us another. On the 28th of March Mr. Theodore Thomas presented to us a specimen of each of Wagner's successive styles, making up a programme which began with the overture to "The Flying Dutchman" (1849), and ended with the "Kaisermarsch" (1871), and selections from "Die Walküre," a part of the great unfinished trilogy. There was only one piece not by Wagner, namely the "Heroic Symphony" of Beethoven. There is no lyric composer whose music so ill bears transposition from the theatre to the concert room as Wagner's; but Mr. Thomas made his selections with admirable judgment, and gave us the most satisfactory illustration of the Wagnerian theories which could be presented without dramatic action. It is by progressive steps that the apostle of the new music has developed his school. His first operas, "Rienzi" and "The Flying Dutchman,"

with all their astonishing innovations on the fashions of thirty years ago, were not such wide departures from established forms that they could not even then be enjoyed in many parts of Germany, and the latter of them is frequently performed in London, where the Wagnerism of to-day is not tolerated. "Lohengrin," of which Mr. Thomas next gave us the introduction, was written seven years later, and showed a very remarkable change. Whether it was progress in the right direction is disputed; but it certainly indicated deeper thought and more decided originality than the earlier operas. Portions of it—especially the opening and closing portions—exhibit a tendency toward a soft and delicate romanticism which Wagner has since discarded; and although nearly the whole of the second act is conceived in the hard unmelodic spirit of the composer's most advanced theories, we have no doubt that the opera would be keenly relished here if an adequate representation of it could be given on the stage of the Academy. But "Lohengrin," like "Rienzi" and "Der Fliegende Holländer," is no longer recognized by the author of its existence. The "Faust Overture" was the third piece on the programme. This was written in 1849 but revised in 1855, so that it represents very nearly the Wagner of the present day so far as wildness of fancy and extravagance of modulation are concerned, but without the extraordinary dramatic force which the most prejudiced must recognize in his latest works. The selections from "Die Walküre" were the most curious portions of the entertainment. Here the dramatic character was predominant. The *Ritt der Walküren*, of which a part was given last season at the Garden Concerts, is a wonderful picture of the ghostly ride of the handmaidens of Odin above the battle-fields, touching with their spear-points the heroes destined to fall in the fight. But more interesting than this was the scene of Wotan's Farewell to his Daughter—interesting alike from its intrinsic beauty and from the completeness with which it embodies the composer's idea of what the musical drama ought to be. The vocal part was delivered by Mr. Franz Remmert, with great dignity and sweetness.

Upon the whole, we doubt whether the partisans of the new school can have drawn much comfort from the results of the concert. The audience was not large, and the "Walküre" and "Faust," the two representative pieces of the programme, were not warmly received. The most applause was bestowed where Wagner himself would be very sorry to hear it bestowed. Wagnerism is undoubtedly making headway in New York; a few years ago such a concert as this of which we write would have been impossible; but let us take comfort in the reflection that its complete triumph is not yet at hand, and that the good old methods of the classical masters will last at any rate through our time.

THOMAS AND RUBINSTEIN.

Rubinstein and Wieniawski have given another series of concerts in New York, in connection with Theodore Thomas's orchestra. The first was that in which the Ocean Symphony was presented. The feature of the second was Rubinstein's beautiful performance of Beethoven's concerto in E flat. The feature of the third was the concerto in E flat by Liszt. We doubt whether greater pianoforte playing is possible than we heard on these two evenings. Rubinstein on both occasions was in his most splendid mood, and threw his whole heart into the two great concertos—the one a marvel of inspired melody, the other a stupendous piece of brilliant and ingenious construction. He played also a number of lighter pieces, including several Preludes and Etudes of Chopin's, and a transcription by Liszt of Rossini's "Mira la Bianca Luna." Mr. Wieniawski played at these concerts, besides his own favorite "Legende" and some other things, Spohr's "Gesang Scene" concerto. This is a very sweet, melodious, and sentimental composition, offering a strong contrast to the prevailing modern taste, and it demands of the performer a clear rich tone, a great power of expression, and a refined cantabile style. All these Wieniawski displayed in fuller perfection, it seemed to us, than at any previous concert since his first appearance here. In the early part of his American tour he did give ample evidence of the possession of these qualities; but afterward he devoted himself to a more brilliant and less artistic style of playing—somewhat undervaluing, we fear, the calibre of his audiences.

THE FIFTH SYMPHONY CONCERT.

At the Fifth Symphony Concert at Steinway Hall, March 29th, Mr. Thomas presented Raff's "Im Walde" Symphony. The first part, "Daytime," which represents the "impressions and sensations" of life in the forest, is healthy and vigorous in spirit, but somewhat prolix; the third and last, "Night," depicts the wild chase of the supernatural huntsmen, and this falls short of the effect intended by it. The beginning and ending being weak, the symphony as a whole cannot take a very high place in the musician's library; but the second part contains two beautiful movements, a Twilight Reverie, and a Dance of Wood Nymphs, which have long been popular, and will probably long remain so. The symphony was followed by Beethoven's triple concerto for piano, violin, and violoncello, played by Miss Mehlig, Mr. Listemann, and Mr. Hemmann, with orchestra; Schumann's overture to "Genoveva," Liszt's "Hamlet," and the second part of the "Romeo and Juliet" dramatic symphony by Berlioz. The Beethoven concerto is unfamiliar to New York audiences. It was listened to with apathy, and indeed was not brilliantly performed. The "Hamlet" was an absolute novelty. It is the tenth of the symphonic poems, and the only one of the series which had not been already played in New York. We do not undertake to explain its meaning, after a single hearing, for it is by far the most difficult to comprehend of all Liszt's compositions, so far as we yet know them. We fancied that two ideas inspired its melancholy and broken measures,—the plaintive story of Ophelia, and the madness and perplexity of the princely Dane. But it is all a mystery, a succession of discords that are never resolved, doubts that are never quieted, imperfect phrases that are never finished, questions that are never answered. We can trace in it no poetry and no purpose; and we confess that we were gratified at the marked disapprobation with which it was received by the audience. The other pieces on the programme have often been heard here before. They were admirably played, but that was to be expected; Mr. Thomas's orchestra plays every thing admirably.

ART.

ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF N. A. OF DESIGN.

WHAT is the matter with the National Academy of Design that its annual Exhibitions are growing worse and worse? Captious art-critics have been saying so for several years past, but the public have been slow in sustaining their verdict. They sustain it now, however, though rather unwillingly, for they do not like to admit, even to themselves, that American Art is going backward. It is not really, of course, but they may well think so, in view of the present Exhibition, which is meagre as regards the number of works it contains, and poor as regards their merit. Let us look at it from an arithmetical point of view. There are, in the six rooms of the Academy, only three hundred and thirty-seven works; all told, including statuary, pen and pencil-drawings, crayons, and the like. These represent, or misrepresent, say two hundred and twenty different artists, the greatest number contributed by any one being six. Of these artists thirty, say, are Academicians, and twenty-seven are Associates. Now as there are on the roll of the Academy eighty-two Academicians and ninety Associates, the question naturally arises, why are they not here? Why should less than sixty men occupy places which ought to be filled by three times that number? Have the majority of them lost all interest in the Academy? or has the Academy lost all interest in them? If the former, it would seem to be in order for them to withdraw; if the latter, we should like to know the reason, or reasons, why. We run our eyes down the list of Academicians in the Exhibition, and miss there the names of Baker, Beard, Bierstadt, Boughton, Church, Colman, Guy, William and James Hart, Winslow Homer, Hubbard, La Farge, Nehlig, and Weir, among the painters, and Launt Thompson, Ward, and H. K. Brown among the sculptors. Isn't this rather like the provincial production of "Hamlet," with the part of Hamlet omitted? It strikes the public so, and it ought to strike these artists so, too. But this is not the worst of it. For—to dismiss them to the scrutiny of their own art-consciences, if they have any remaining—it must be charged against their fellows who have come forward with pictures, that very, very few of them are represented at their best. We say this knowingly, for we have lately seen much better works of theirs than are now in the Exhibition. Have they so lost faith in their public as to think that anything to which their names are attached will satisfy them? or have they grown careless of their reputation?

The corridor, as usual, is given up to small works. There are ninety-five of them, of which six or eight are worth looking at twice. The first of these—to take them in arithmetical order—is "The Empty Flagon," by William Magrath—a group of three jolly monks, who, having drunk more than is good for them, are naturally on their winding way to the cloister-cellar to increase their thirst, and who are coarsely but vigorously painted. Passing a number of flower-pieces, etc., we come to four pen-drawings, by Eliza Greatorex, two being views of American buildings and scenery, and two views in Oberammergau, all of which are admirable. We come next to "An Autumn Day," by John Irving, a good picture, which suggests the work of McEntee, minus its tender and poetic qualities. "A Birchen Page," by Marion R. Beers, imitates cleverly a sheet of birchen bark with a few flowers on it; and "A Yellow Birch," by Mrs. E. Callender, reminds us pleasantly of the tree in question.

We find ourselves in better company and before better pictures in the North Room. The late John F. Kensett is represented here by six, the best being "Keene Flats," a beautiful example of his broad pastoral style, and "Bass Rock, Newport, after a South-West Gale." For just what it is—a glimpse of rock with an outlook on dark-blue sea water, it bears away the palm from all the marine-pieces in the Exhibition. "Beating to Windward," by M. F. H. de Haas, is full of life and movement, the force of the gusty water being very happily caught. "The Trout Stream," by Alfred C. Howland, is an enjoyable bit of wood and water, in the style of Lambinet; and "In the Canon, Granville, Mass.," by John L. Fitch, is a good specimen of that artist's conscientious study of nature. "The Sand Beach, Mt. Desert Island," by Ferdinand Macy, impresses us with its barrenness and strength. Other noticeable pictures in this room are "Sunday Morning in the Country," an interior by Thos. Le Clear; "A Lake Scene," by John H. Hicks; "Spring, the Last of the Snow," by Fred T. Vance, and some "Crysanthemums," by Henrietta A. Granberry.

There are not many wise men of the East in the East Room, which contains fewer good pictures than the room we have just left. Vincent Colyer betakes himself to landscape in "Summer Afternoon on the Connecticut Shore," but with only moderate success. Lovers of the painful will find an example of it in "Desolation—The Palace of St. Cloud in the Winter of 1871," a dreary and melancholy picture by A. W. Thompson. The figure pieces begin to brighten now, E. Wood Perry showing his best work in "Fireside Stories," an interior, with a mother and her son before an old fashioned fire-place, set with blue tiles, the stories in which are being related to the boy. Eastman Johnson has "The Woodland Bath," which is not one of his good pictures, though it is very carefully painted. J. W. Casilear contributes a striking view of "The Jungfrau," A. D. Shattuck a group of "Sheep," to which he has turned his attention of late; J. C. Thom, "Winter," which reminds us a little of Frère, and exhibits a fine sense of color though it is a little too carelessly handled. The best portrait in this room is a portrait of a Lady, by Alexander Laurie.

The South Room detains us longest. It contains the best figure pieces in the Exhibition, which are Eastman Johnson's "Sulky Boy," and "Catching the Bee," and "The Yankee Pedlar," by T. W. Wood; the best landscapes and marines, in McEntee's "November" and "Sea from Shore," "The Golden Horn" and "Rheinstein" of S. R. Gifford, Edward Moran's "Afternoon on New York Bay," A. H. Wyant's "First of Winter," and "North Woods, Summer;" and the best ideal figure in the "Salome" of Miss A. M. Lee.

The West Room contains one of J. G. Brown's little character studies, "Pennies in Prospect;" a capital "Study of Flowers," by G. C. Lambdin; a spirited battle-piece by Julian Scott; and "Thistle and Yellowbirds," a dainty bird-piece, by Miss E. Bridges.

If this be, as we think, a fair *resumé* of the Forty-Eighth Annual Exhibition of the National Academy of Design, that Institution will scarcely live to celebrate its Centenary.

LITERATURE.

WHY the endeavor to perpetuate the memory of the dead by epitaphs should seldom be carried out successfully is a problem which he who can may solve. One would suppose that so serious a subject as death would awaken serious thoughts, which would clothe themselves in serious words, but such is not generally the case. Ninety-nine out of every hundred of all the epitaphs written are not only not serious—whatever the intention of their writers may have been—they are not even decorous, but are nonsensical and absurd. The best are foolish, the worst are absolutely side-splitting. Once in a while we come across one that will pass muster. They may be divided into classes, as those which are unintentionally comic—those which are intentionally sarcastic, and those which violate all the received rules of grammar and spelling. Specimens of all these may be found in "A Book of Epitaphs," of which Mr. Charles Northend is the compiler, and Messrs. G. W. Carleton & Co. are the publishers. It is not much of a book in a literary sense, but it is quite amusing, and we propose to quote liberally from its pages. We will begin with what may be called comic epitaphs.

In a town in Connecticut there lies buried a man who in life had a large wen on the top of his head. He is thus commemorated:

"Our father lies beneath the sod,
His spirit's gone unto his God;
We never more shall hear his tread,
Nor see the wen upon his head."

The following is said to be on a gravestone near London:

"Poor Martha Shiell has gone away,
Her mother if she could, but her couldn't stay;
Her had a bad leg and a baddish cough,
It was her two bad legs that carried her off."

On a tombstone in Portland, Maine, over the body of a child, is this couplet:

"The little hero that lies here
Was conquered by the diarrhea."

On a tombstone in Worcester, England, is this singular inscription:

"Mammy and I together lived
Just two years and a half;
She went first—I followed next,
The cow before the calf."

This comes from Ohio:

"Under this sod
And under these trees
Lies the body
Of Solomon Pease.
He's not in this hole,
But only his pod;
He shelled out his soul
And went up to his God."

These lines, on a tombstone at Childwall, England, are well known:

"Here lies me and my three daughters,
Brought here by using Seidlitz waters;
If we had stuck to Epsom salts,
We wouldn't have been in these here vaults."

Here is how they do this sort of thing in Germany:

"By the thrust of ox's horn
Came I into heaven's bourn;
All so quickly did I die,
Wife and children leave must I;
But in eternity rest I now,
All through thee, thou wild beast, thou!"

A good many men discover that they have been henpecked, after their wives are dead, and boldly state the fact—or their epitaph-makers do for them—possibly for the discouragement of living shrews. Here are a number of sarcasms directed against women:

"Here lies the man Richard,
And Mary his wife;
Their surname was Prichard,
They lived without strife;
And the reason was plain—
They abounded in riches,
They no care had, nor pain,
And the wife wore the breeches."

"Here lies wife second of old Wing Rogers
She's safe from care and I from bothers!
If death had known thee as well as I,
He ne'er had stopped but passed thee by.
I wish him joy, but much I fear
He'll rue the day he came thee near."

A relieved and joyful husband caused this inscription to be placed on the headstone of his wife—in Kilmory churchyard:

"This stone was raised by Sarah's lord,
Not Sarah's virtues to record,—
For they're well known to all the town,—
But it was raised to keep her down."

A sea-captain of Sag Harbor, Long Island, pointed a moral upon the tombstone of his third wife:

"Behold ye living mortals passing by,
How thick the partners of one husband lie,
Vast and unsearchable the ways of God:
Just but severe his chastening rod."

This is remembrance of a clock-maker:

"Here lyes a man who all his mortal life
Past mending clocks, but cou'dna mend his wyfe;
The larum o' hys bell was ne'er sae shrill
As was her tongue, aye clacking like a mill.
But now he's gane—oh, whither nane can tell—
I hope beyond the soun' o' Matty's bell."

One Robert Kemp placed these lines on the tombstone of his deceased wife:

"She once was mine,
But now, O Lord,
I her to thee resign,
And remain your obedient, humble servant,
Robert Kemp."

Let us take the taste out of our mouths, as the children say, with the following exquisite couplet to the memory of a man and his wife in the church of Quorndon, England:

"He first departed—she a little tried
To live without him—liked it not and died."

The difficulties of rhyme, which have been so far overcome in our quotations, proved too obstinate for the writers of these two epitaphs:

"Here lies, alas! more's the pity,
All that remains of Nicholas Newcity.
N. B.—His name was Newtown."

"Here lies the remains of Thomas Woodhen,
The most amiable of husbands and excellent of men.
N. B.—His real name was Woodcock, but it wouldn't
come in rhyme. His Widow."

Some of the most amusing epitaphs in Mr. Northend's book are in prose. This one is from a tombstone in Pennsylvania:

"Battle of Shiloh,
April 6, 1862.

John D. L.—was born March 26th, 1829, in the town of West Dresden, State of New York, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

A tombstone at Saratoga contains the following testimony and warning:

"Emma, dau'r of Abraham and Matilda C—, and wife of Theodore S—, died Aug. 10, 1868, Æ 26 yrs., leaving five children—married too young against her father's will. Single women take warning."

An inscription on a tombstone in East Tennessee concludes thus:

"She lived a life of virtue and died of the cholera morbus, caused by eating green fruit, in the hope of a blessed immortality, at the early age of 21 years 7 months and 16 days. Reader, go thou and do likewise."

On a tombstone on Lake Superior these words are inscribed:

"J— S—. Accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brother."

They commemorate differently in California, as witness this inscription on a tombstone near San Diego:

"This yere is sacred to the memory of William Henry Skaraken, who came to his death by being shot by Colt's revolver—one of the old kind, bras moutard and of such is the kingdom of heaven."

It was a gardener, we imagine, who deplored his child in this fashion:

"Our Little Jacob
Has been Taken Away from this EARTHY GARDEN
To Bloom
In a superior Flower-pot
Above."

Only a German could have written this:

"My wife Susum is dead; If she'd had life till next Friday she'd been dead shust two weeks. As a tree falls so must she stand. All things is impossible mit God."

The piety of this is doubtful:

"He lived and died a true christian,
He loved his friends and hated his enemies."

The egotism of this inscription, which still exists at Saragossa, Spain, is stupendous:

"Here lies John Quebecca, precentor to My Lord, the King. When he is admitted to the choir of angels, whose society he will embellish, and where he will distinguish himself by his powers of song, God shall say to the angels: 'Cease, ye calves! and let me hear John Quebecca, precentor of My Lord, the King!'"

One would hardly expect to find advertisements on tombstones, but they are occasionally to be met with. Here is an example from a cemetery, near Paris:

"Here lies Fournier (Pierre Victor),
Inventor of 'Everlasting Lamps,'
Which burn only one centime's worth of oil in an hour.
HE WAS A GOOD FATHER, SON, AND HUSBAND.
HIS INCONSOLABLE WIDOW
Continues his business at No. 10 Rue aux Trois;
Goods sent to all parts of the city.
N. B.—Do not mistake the opposite shop for this.
S. V. P. R. I. P."

There is an eye to business here:

"Beneath this stone in hopes of Zion,
There lies the landlord of the Lion.
Resigned unto the heavenly will,
His son keeps on the business still."

And an eye to matrimony here—the eye being that of a widow in Maine:

"Sacred to the memory of James H. R—m, who died Aug. 6th, 1860. His widow who mourns as one who can be comforted, aged 24, and possessing every qualification for a good wife, lives at — street, in this village."

This couplet is found in a Connecticut churchyard:

"Here lies two twins, all side by side
Of the small-pox both of them died."

And this one is in a burial ground in Pennsylvania:

"Eliza, sorrowing, rears this marble slab
To her dear John, who died of eating crab."

The summer diet of Cape May, where this stanza was written, cannot be recommended for children:

"MARY JANE,
Aged 11 yrs. and 8 mos.
She was not smart, she was not fair,
But hearts with grief for her are swellin';
And empty stands her little chair—
She died of eatin' watermelon."

The late business and present whereabouts of a deceased sea-captain are summed up tersely on a Block Island headstone:

"He's done a-catching cod
And gone to meet his God."

This epitaph, which exists in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, is promising, or threatening, as one regards the increase of population, and recalls a sign in vogue in oyster-eating neighborhoods, viz:

"Families Supplied:"
"When you my friends are passing by,
And this informs you where I lie,
Remember you ere long must have,
Like me, a mansion in the grave.
Also 3 infants, 2 sons and a daughter."

It was a brother-in-law, and probably an unmarried one, who penned this inscription on a monument in Horsley-Down Church, Cumberland, England, 1768:

"Here lie the bodies
Of THOMAS BOND and MARY his wife.
She was temperate, chaste, and charitable;

BUT
She was proud, peevish, and passionate.
She was an affectionate wife, and a tender mother;
BUT
Her husband and child, whom she loved,
Seldom saw her countenance without a disgusting frown,
Whilst she received visitors, whom she despised, with an endearing smile.
Her behaviour was discreet towards strangers;

BUT
Independent in her family.
Abroad, her conduct was influenced by good breeding;

BUT
At home, by ill temper.
She was a professed enemy to flattery,
And was seldom known to praise or commend;

BUT
The talents in which she principally excelled,
Were difference of opinion, and discovering flaws and imperfections.

She was an admirable economist,
And, without prodigality,
Dispensed plenty to every person in her family;

BUT
Would sacrifice their eyes to a farthing candle.
She sometimes made her husband happy with her good qualities;

BUT
Much more frequently miserable—with her many failings:
Insomuch that in thirty years cohabitation he often lamented

That maugre all her virtues,
He had not, in the whole, enjoyed two years of matrimonial comfort.

AT LENGTH
Finding that she had lost the affections of her husband,
As well as the regard of her neighbours,
Family disputes having been divulged by servants,
She died of vexation, July 20, 1768,

Aged 48 years.
Her worn out husband survived her four months and two days,
And departed this life, Nov. 28, 1768,
In the 54th year of his age.

WILLIAM BOND, brother to the deceased, erected this stone,
As a weekly monitor to the surviving wives of this parish,
That they may avoid the infamy
Of having their memories handed to posterity
With a PATCH WORK character."

They occasionally become biographical in New Hampshire, if we may credit this inscription, which is said to be copied from a tombstone in Dover:

"Repository
of
Husband & Wife.
Joseph Hartwell, Inanimated
Apr. 7, 1867, Æt. 68
Betsy Hartwell, Inanimated
Dec. 7, 1862, Æt. 68

The following embraces a period of 41 years. In all of our relations in life toward each other there has been naught but one continuation of fidelity and loving-kindness. We have never participated or countenanced in others secretly or otherwise that which was calculated to subjugate the masses of the people to the dictation of the few. And now we will return to our Common Mother, with our individualities in life unimpaired, to pass through together the ordeal of earth's chemical Laboratory preparatory to recuperation.

Her last exclamations.

If you should be taken away, I could not survive you. How happy we have lived together. Oh how you will miss me—Think not Mr. Hartwell, I like you the less for being in the position you are in. No it only strengthens my affections. To those who have made professions of friendship and have then falsified them by living acts, PASS ON."

But we must not omit this famous epitaph, which is said to actually exist in Pewsey Church, England:

"Here lies the body
of
Lady O'Looney,
Great niece of Burke,
commonly called 'The Sublime,'
She was
bland, passionate, and deeply religious;
Also she painted
In water colours,
And sent several pictures
To the Exhibition.
She was first cousin
To Lady Jones;
And of such
Is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Horne was unlucky with his wives, with the exception noted. His arithmetic is a little mixed:

"To the memory of my four wives, who all died within the space of ten years, but more pertickler to the last, Mrs. Sally Horne, who has left me and four dear children; she was a good, sober, and clean soul, and may I soon go to her. A. D. 1732.

Dear wives, if you and I shall all go to heaven,
The Lord be blest, for then we shall be even.
William Joy Horne, Carpenter."

The following warning and advisory lines are on the tombstone of a quack doctor, who was alive to business even if he was dead:

"I was a quack, and there are men who say
That in my time I physick'd lives away;
And that at length I by myself was slain
By my own drugs ta'en to relieve my pain.
The truth is, being troubled with a cough,
I like a fool consulted Dr. Gough;
Who physick'd me to death, at his own will.
Because he's licensed by the state to kill:
Had I but wisely taken my own physic
I never should have died of cold and 'tisick.
So all be warned, and when you catch a cold
Go to my son, by whom my medicine's sold."

"THE ALDINE PRESS."—JAMES SUTTON & Co., Printers
and Publishers, 58 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

o
l,

if
a

ur
ne
ti-
ch
a-
er,
er
a-

w
nk
ou
ve
v-

ic-

d.

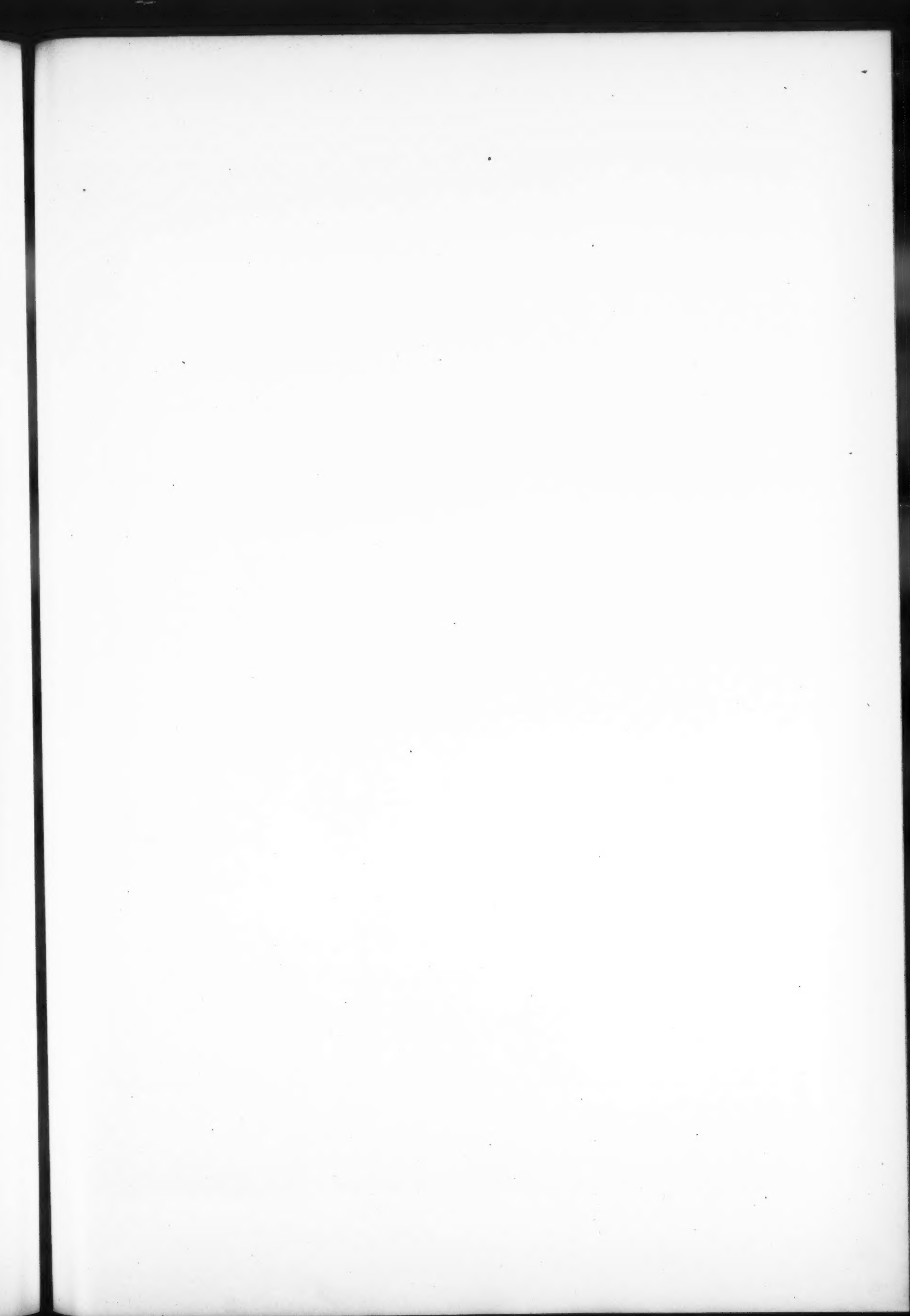
ce
ho
nd

ne
d:

est



"CATCH HIM!"—JOHN S. DAVIS.





MOONLIGHT ON THE SHENANDOAH.—J. D. WOODWARD